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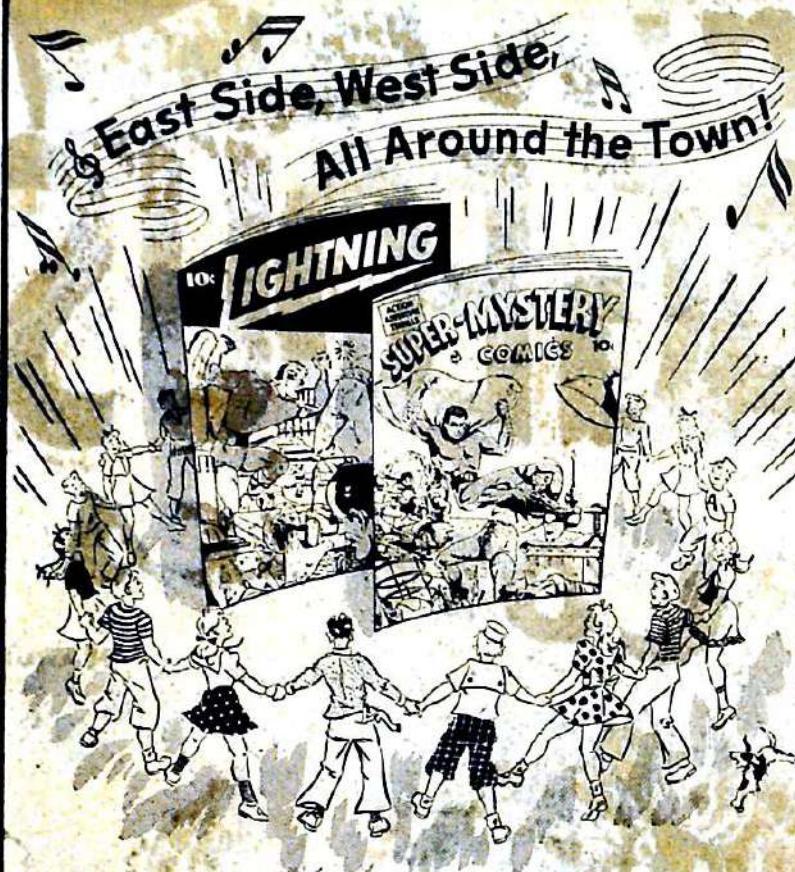
Captain COURAGEOUS Comics

Formerly
BANNER
COM.

MARCH



Introducing A New Sensational Character 'THE SWORD'



SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

Yes, sir! All around the town they're talking about the "all-out" fight Magno and Davey wage against that sinister, arch-criminal—The Cobra, in the February issue. It's really a knock-down and drag-out affair which will bring you out of your chairs cheering! And, of course, Vulcan, Buck-skin and the rest won't let you down, either. See for yourself!

LIGHTNING COMICS

With "Lash" Lightning leading the way, The Raven, Dr. Nemesis, Marvo the Magician, Cappie Young, Hap Hazard and Congo Jack whisk you on an expedition chuck full of action, mystery, thrills and high adventure. *Lightning Comics* is the next best thing to owning a Magic Carpet! And that's no fairy tale! Get your copy today and "go to town."

10¢ Captain COURAGEOUS Comics

MARCH 1942

No. 6

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

The Black Mayor held the town in his vile clutches and was bleeding it to death. And then Captain Courageous crossed his path—a path which must lead one to victory and the other to—DEATH!

THE SWORD

Here is a new feature which you are sure to like. It's different from anything you've seen and it has just the right amounts of all the qualities that make for a good story

LONE WARRIOR

For once the enemies of Lone Warrior have him where they want him—and do they try to rub it in!

TYphoon TYSON

Typhoon once again takes the Sea Lion through the turbulent waters of the Pacific—but not without first crossing courses with a sharp-shooting Davey Jones!

KAY MCKAY, AIR HOSTESS

In a brave attempt to get a plane "through" Kay is just about to win—when she is confronted by mad dogs—with HUMAN HEADS!

LUKE AND HIS MAGIC FLUTE

Again comes the flute to the rescue!

RANGE REPTILE

A two-fisted, sure-shootin' yarn of the Old West

PAUL REVERE, JR.

Paul and Betsy and Pat must pool all their wits and a lot of brains if they want to save their little British friend from murderous fiends

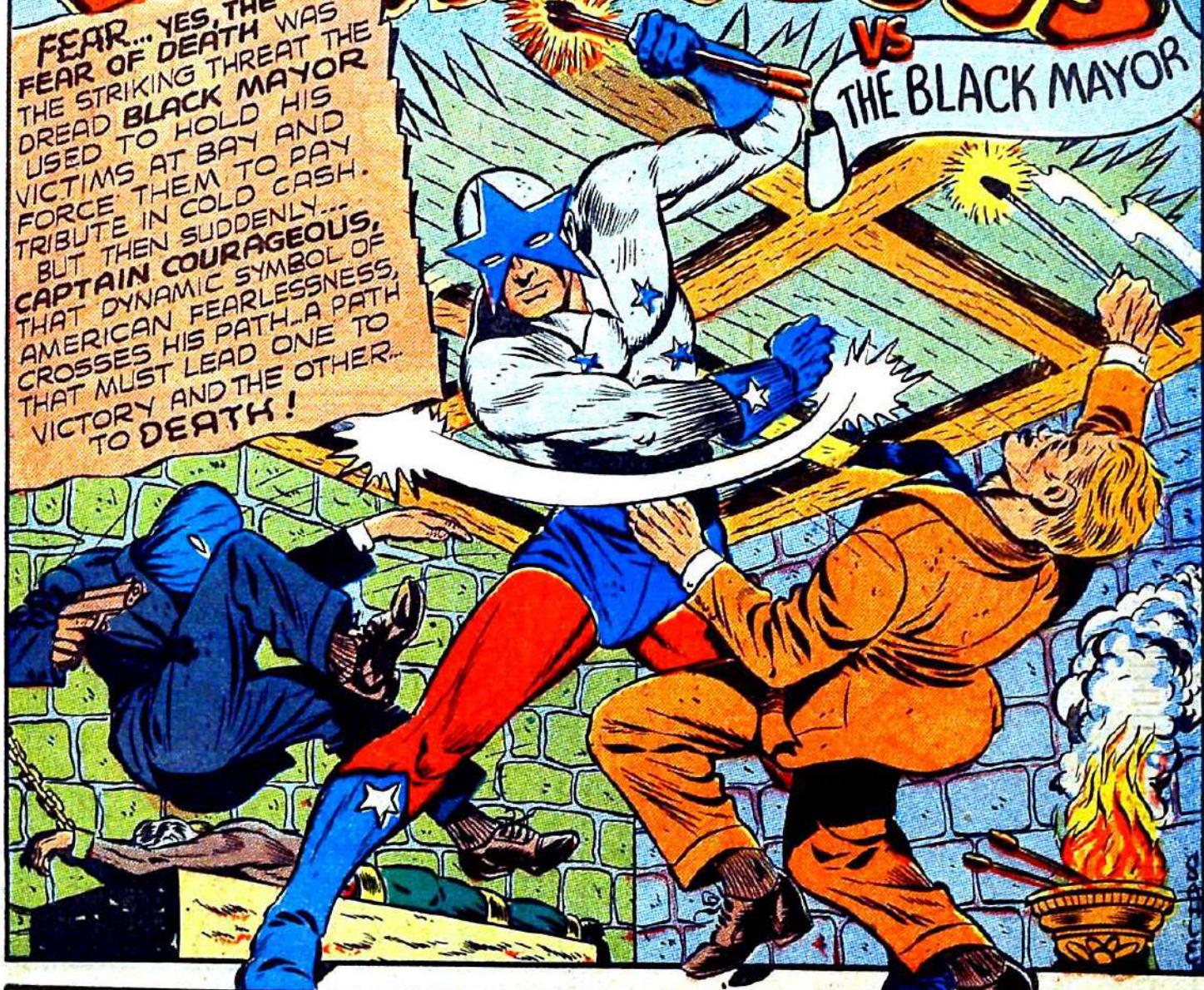
CAPT.

COURAGEOUS

FEAR... YES, THE
FEAR OF DEATH WAS
THE STRIKING THREAT THE
DREAD BLACK MAYOR
USED TO HOLD HIS
VICTIMS AT BAY AND
FORCE THEM TO PAY
TRIBUTE IN COLD CASH.
BUT THEN SUDDENLY...
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS,
THAT DYNAMIC SYMBOL OF
AMERICAN FEARLESSNESS,
CROSSES HIS PATH... A PATH
THAT MUST LEAD ONE TO
VICTORY AND THE OTHER...
TO DEATH!

VS

THE BLACK MAYOR



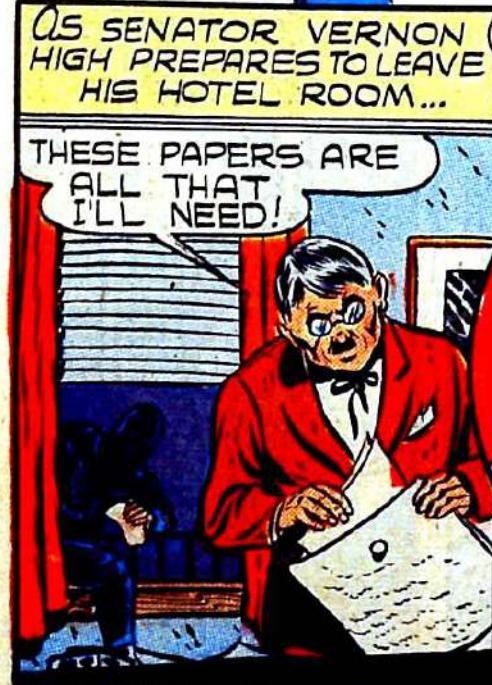
AS SENATOR VERNON HIGH PREPARES TO LEAVE HIS HOTEL ROOM...

AND THIS CHLOROFORM TOO, SENATOR!

THESE PAPERS ARE ALL THAT I'LL NEED!

AGHRR!

THUS ENDETH THE CAREER OF SENATOR HIGH!



At the same time... at the apartment of Jay Collins, newspaper columnist.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUN' TH' MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES...

OR THROUGH THE WINDOW!

BREATHE DEEPLY, CHUM!

CHLOROFORM! AGHR!

But!

I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T THE MILK-MAN WHEN I SPOTTED YOU OUT ON THE BALCONY!

WHO SAID MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN?

TRY MY SPECIAL BRAND OF CHLOROFORM!

UGH!

OH-H!

UNCONSCIOUS, EH? YOU'LL STAY PUT UP HERE!

AREN'T YOU CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS?

RIGHT! AND YOUR'E JAY COLLINS, COLUMNIST FOR THE EXAMINER! I KNOW COLUMNISTS AREN'T LIKED BY SOME PEOPLE... BUT WHO'D WANT TO DRUG YOU?

CAN'T SAY... I'VE SO MANY FRIENDLY ENEMIES!

UNLESS THIS BLOKE WAS SENT BY THE BLACK MAYOR!

THE BLACK MAYOR?

YES! HE'S CALLED THAT AND OPERATES A RING OF TERROR AGAINST THE GERMAN-AMERICANS IN THE CITY TO OBTAIN MONEY TO BE SENT BACK TO THE FATHERLAND'S WAR MACHINE. SENATOR HIGH, HERE IN THE CITY AND I HAVE SOME INCRIMINATING DATA WE COMPILED AGAINST HIM AND THE SENATOR IS THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS WHO THE BLACK MAYOR IS... BETTER QUESTION THIS GUY!

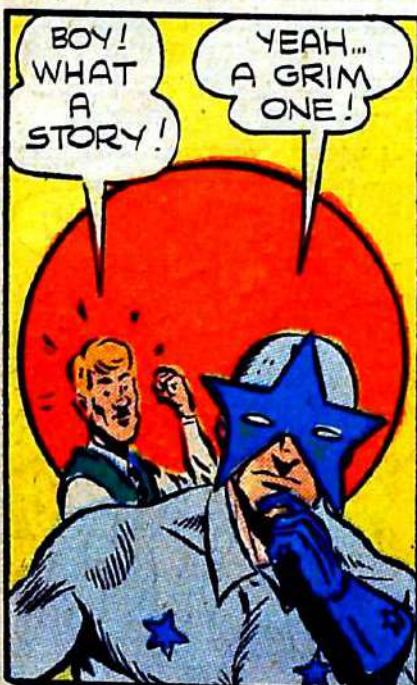
AH! COMING TO, JUST IN TIME FOR THE QUIZ!

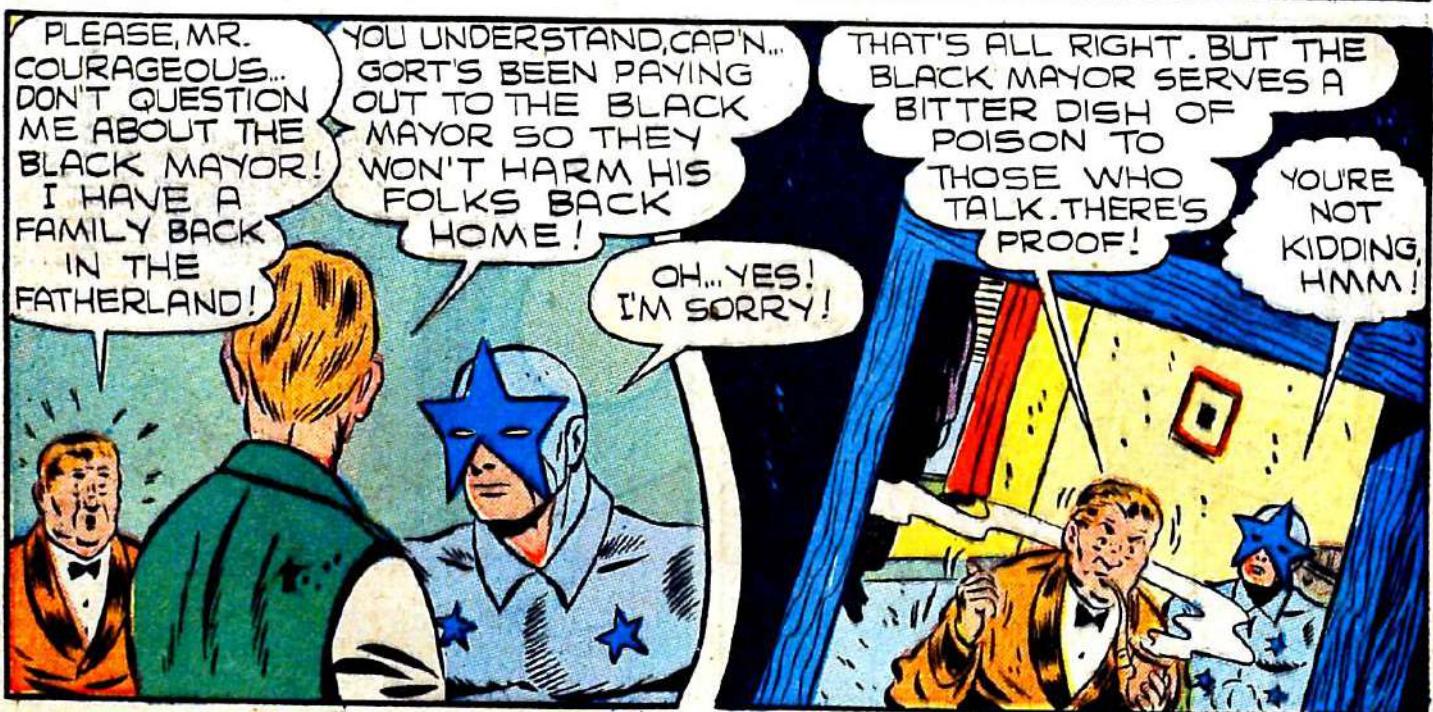
AGHR! A TRUCK HIT ME!

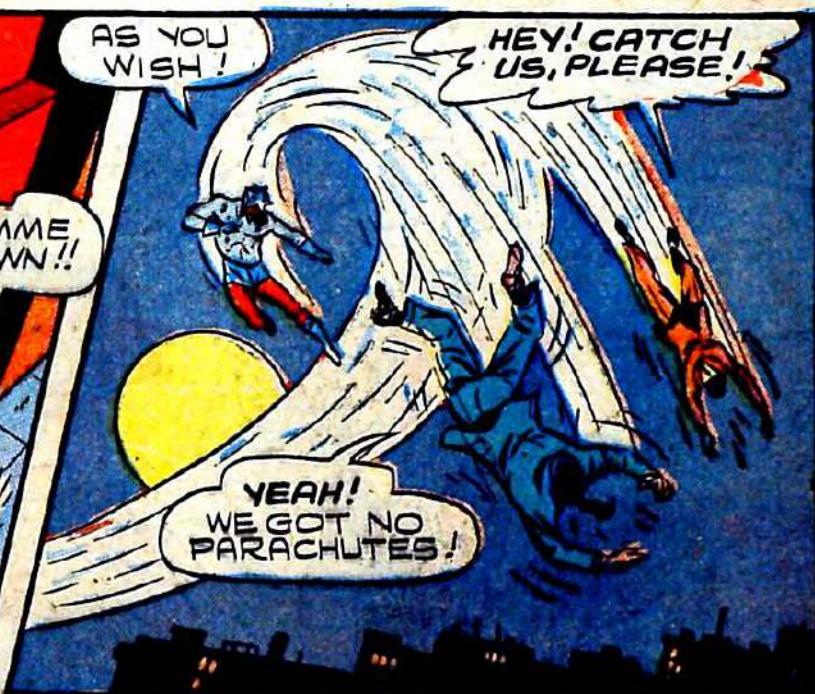
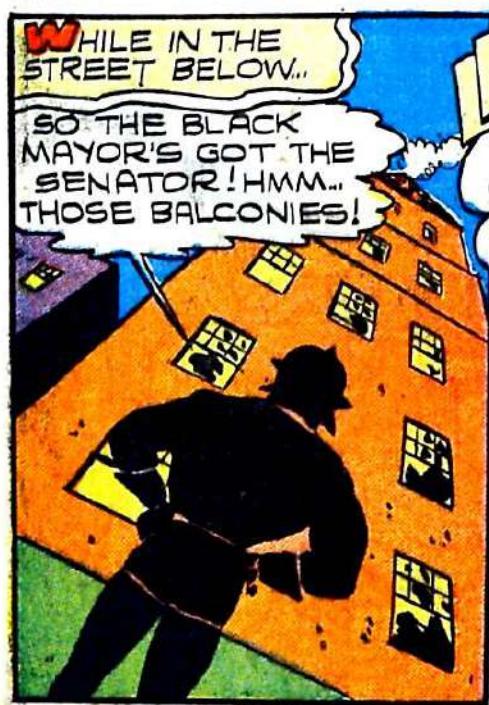
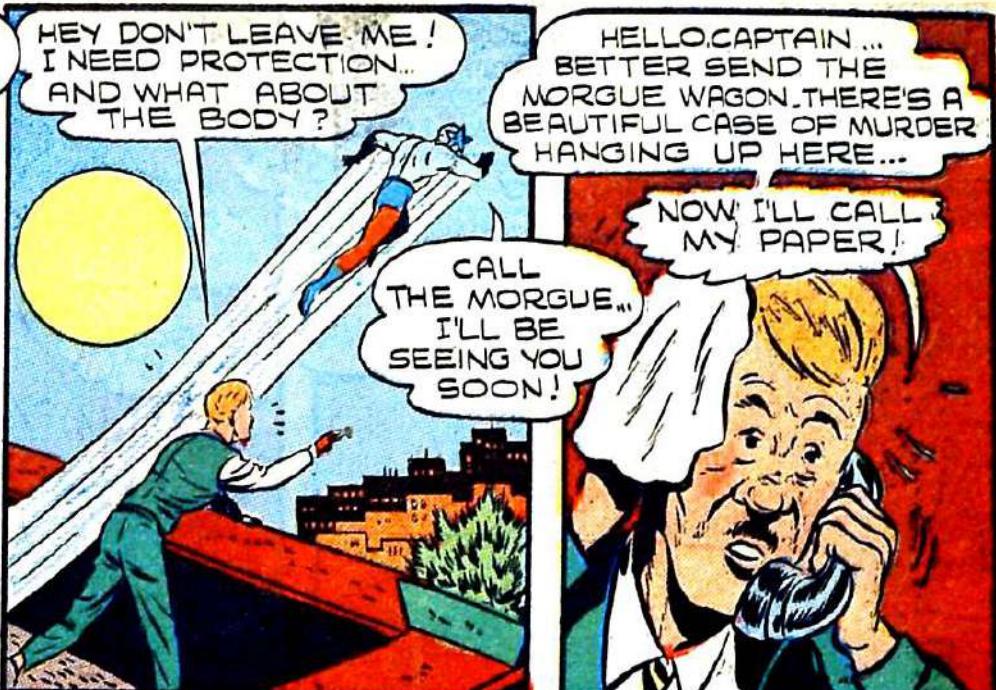
HEY!

A DART!

AIEE!







CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS CATCHES THEM AS THEY NEAR THE PAVEMENT...



THE MEN DODGE BACK INTO COLLINS' HOUSE... THE BACK WAY!



35 THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY BREAKS, THE UNBRIDLED FURY OF THE BLACK MAYOR IS UNLEASHED ON THE HAPLESS, AMERICA-LOVING PEOPLE SO HE MAY FILL HIS "BREAD-BASKET" FOR THE FATHERLAND!

MONEY! MONEY!
MONEY FOR THE FATHERLAND OR BLOOD!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO GIVE MORE!

SO, YOU WON'T SUPPORT THE BLACK MAYOR, EH?

NO! NO!
IT'S THE BABY'S MILK MONEY

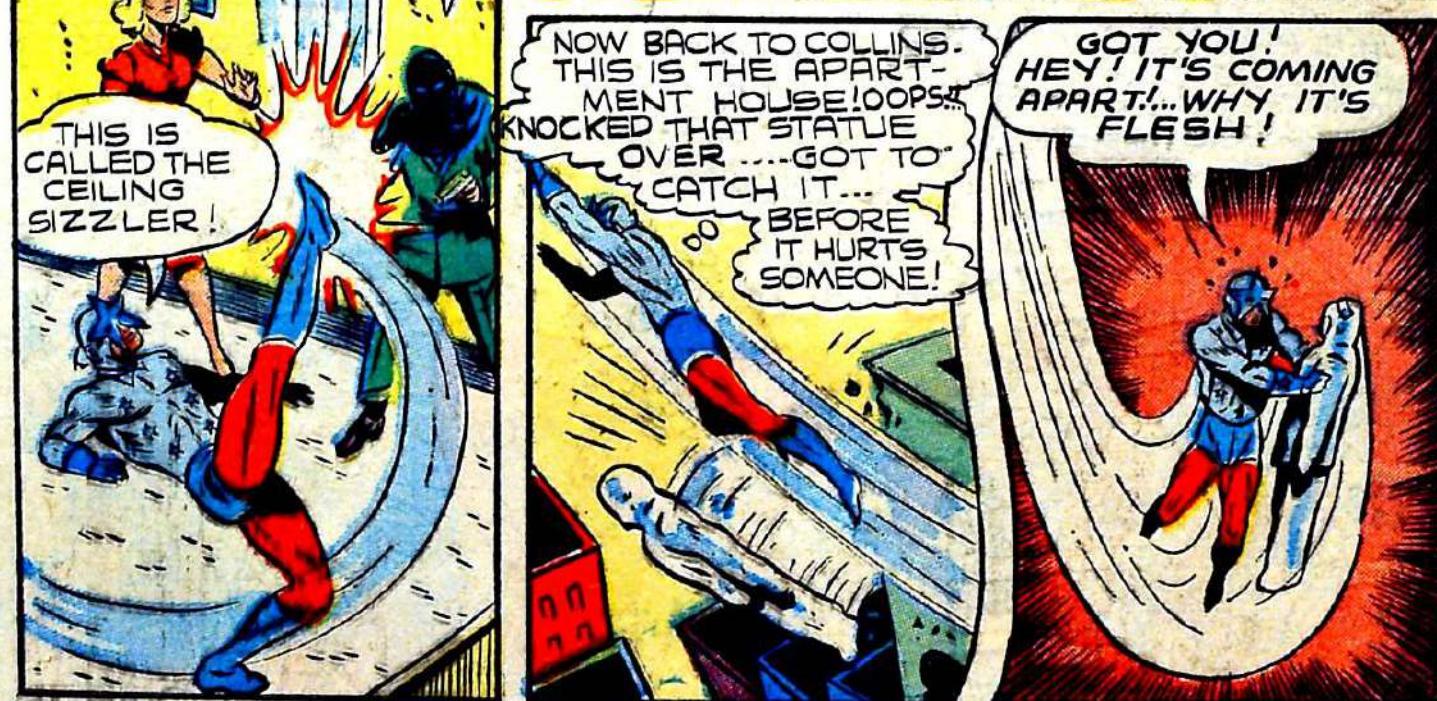
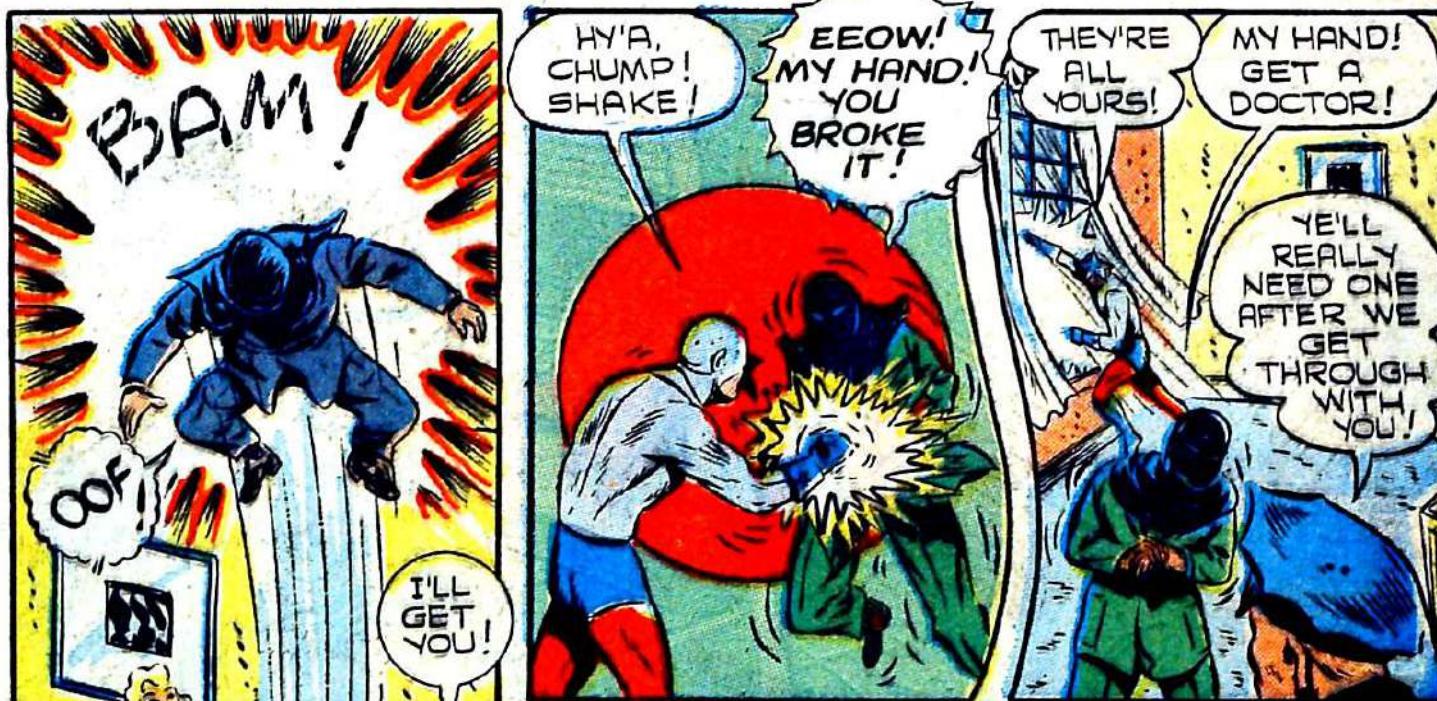
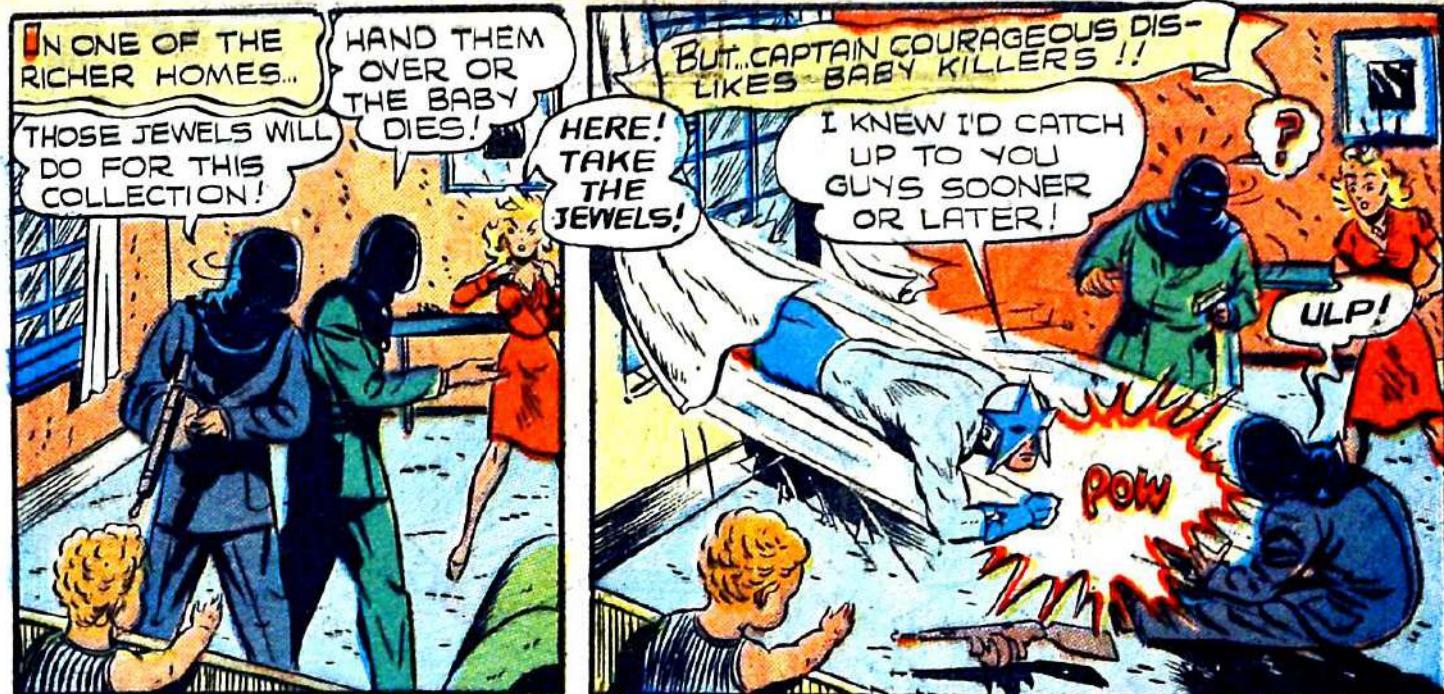
ASHY!

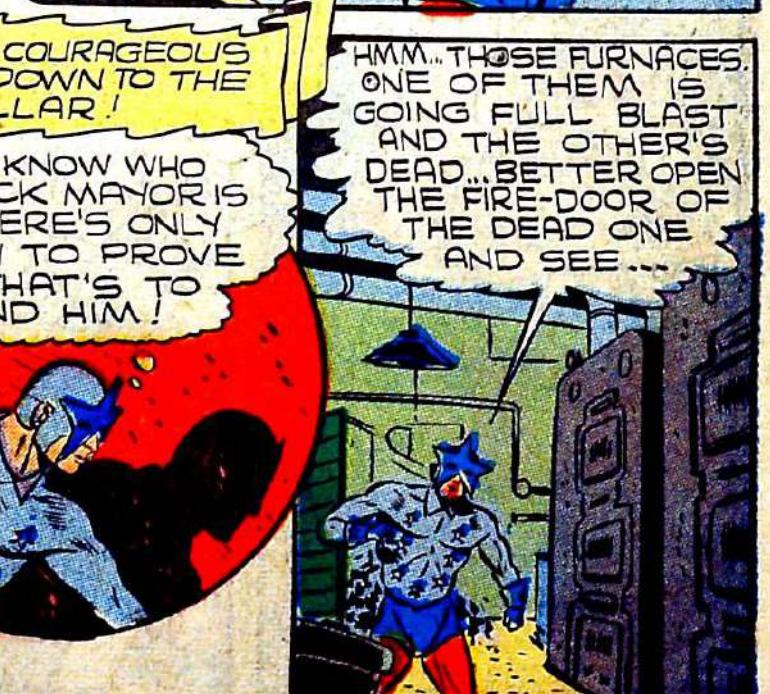
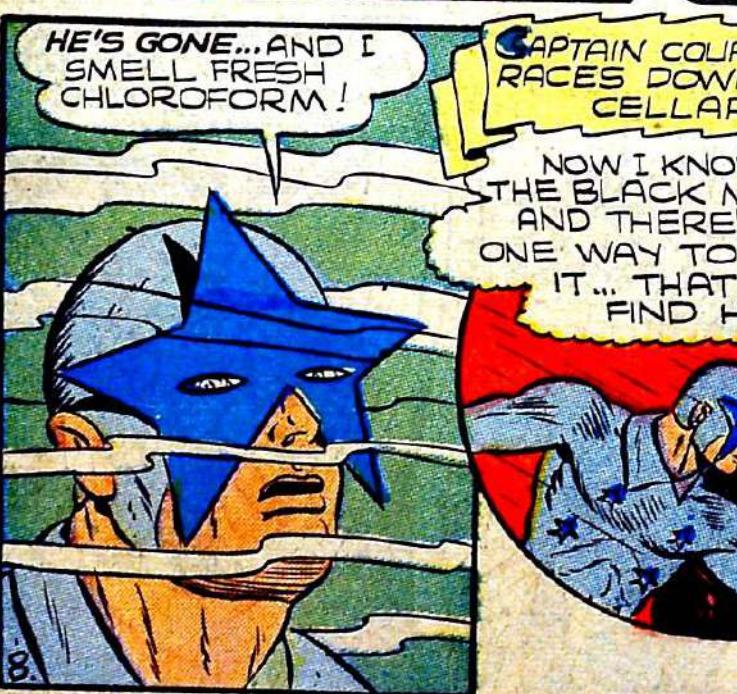
GIVE!

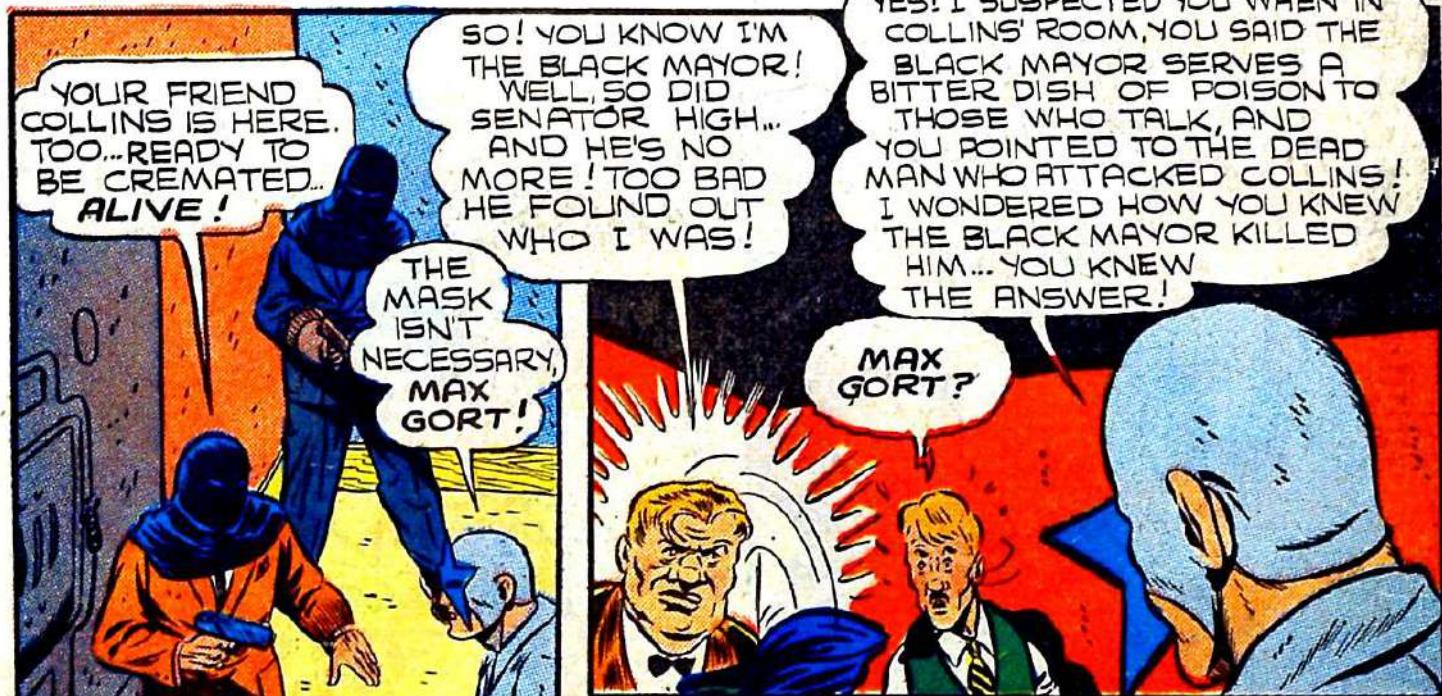
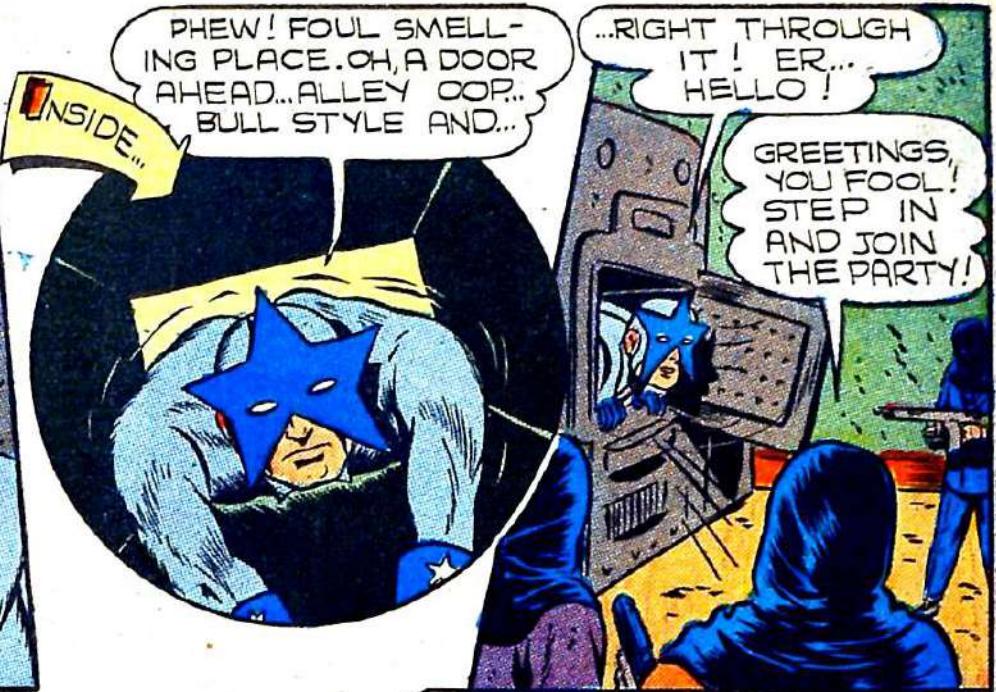


GIVE!

HERE'S THE ACCURSED MONEY!







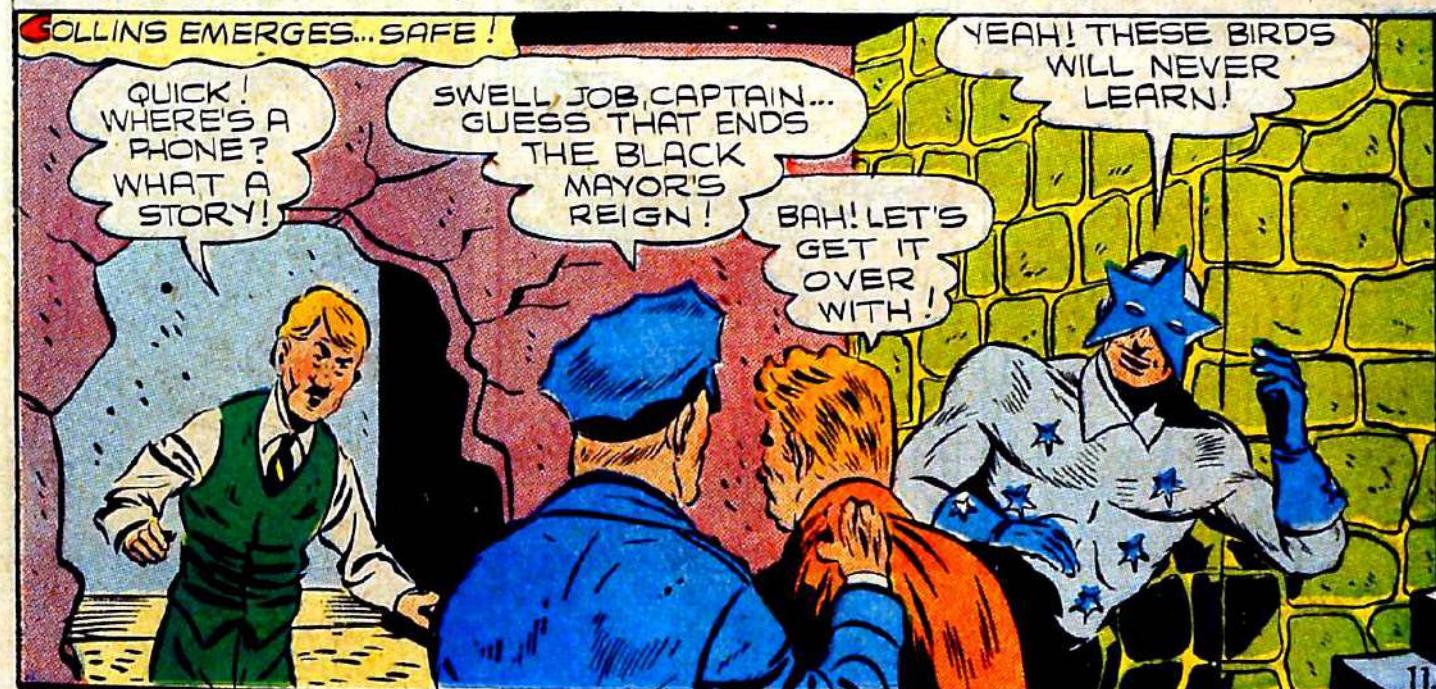
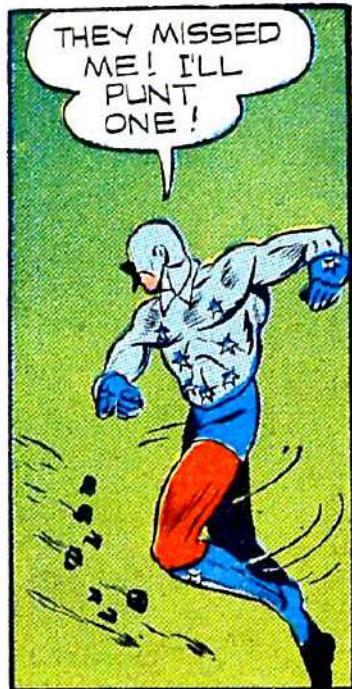
ENTHRALLED AT THE GRUESOME SIGHT BEFORE THEM, THE TWO MEN GUARDING CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS TURN MOMENTARILY...

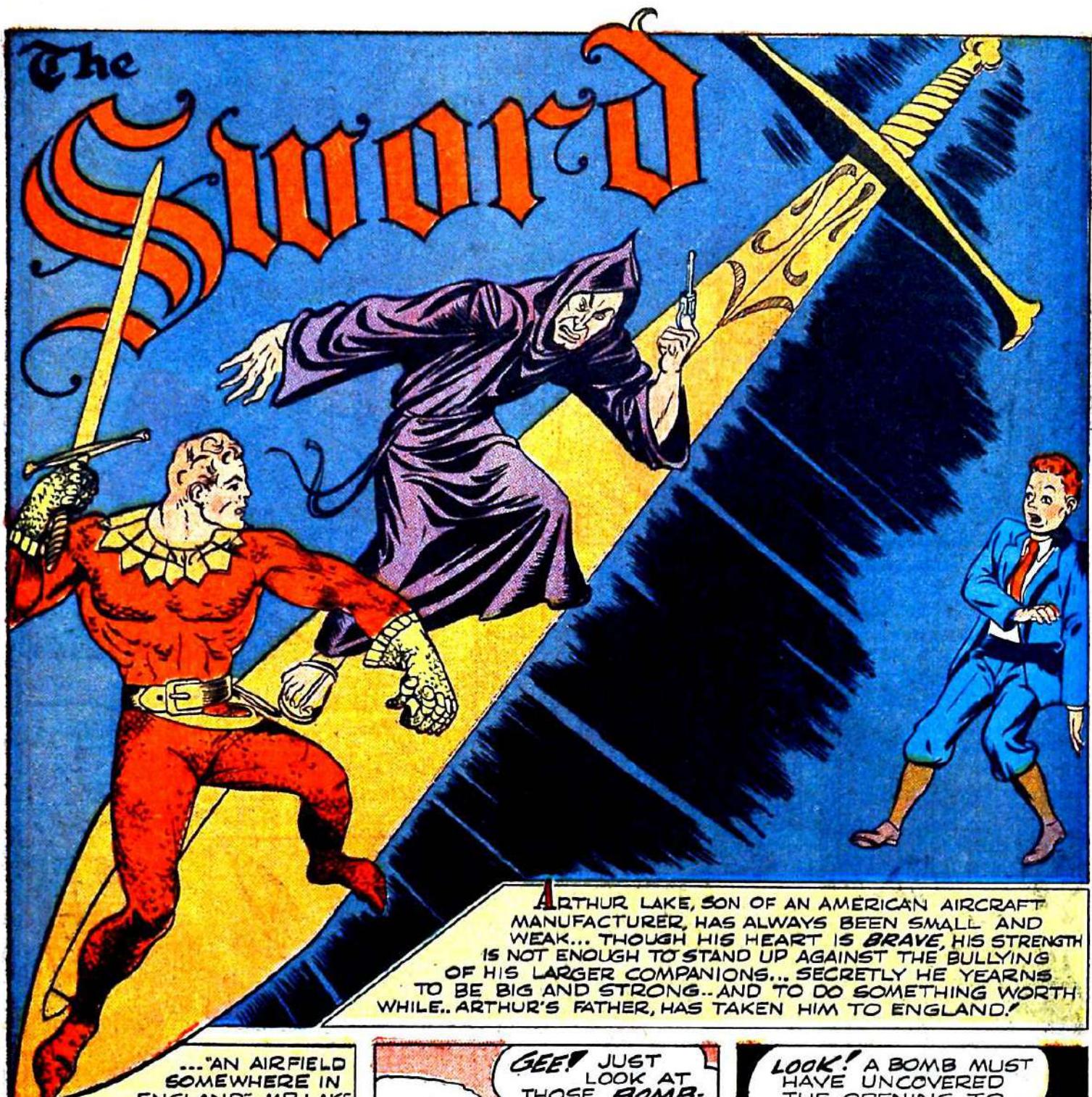
MAY I BORROW YOUR GUNS? I'LL GIVE THEM RIGHT BACK!

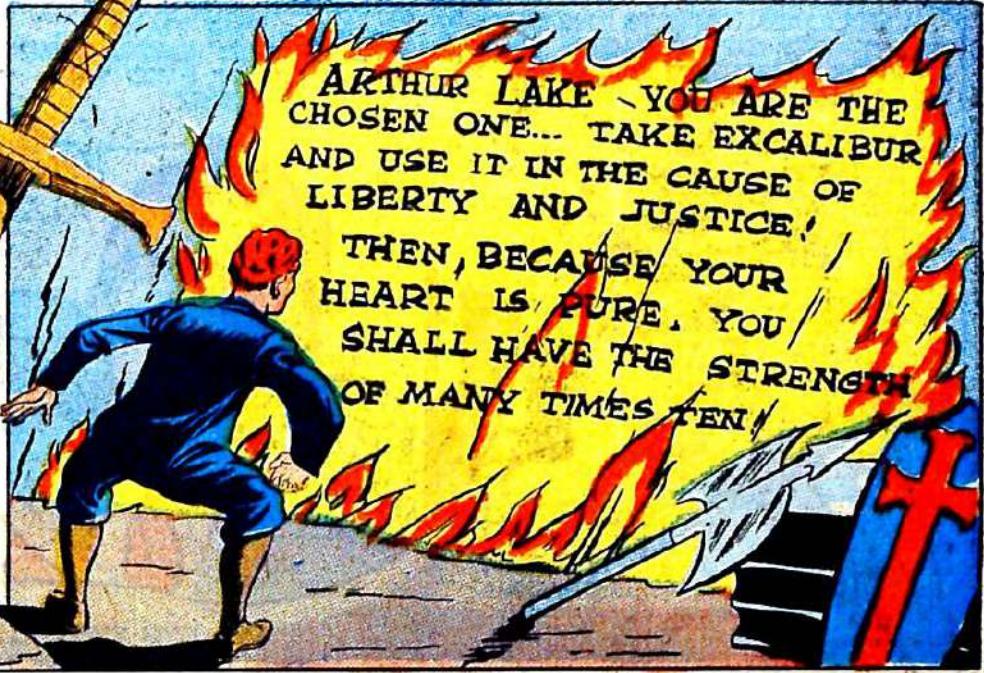
OUCH!

UGH!









THE NEXT DAY, ARTHUR Hires two workmen to transfer the sword and stone to the ship.

NOW, REMEMBER, IF YOU SAY A WORD TO ANYONE, I'LL COME BACK AND HAUNT YOU!

YES SOR! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YE WANT THIS JUNK FER?

WELL..LL.. IT'S GOODBYE TO ENGLAND AND BACK TO WORK!

THE WORKMEN GOT EXCALIBUR ON BOARD WITH OUR TRUNKS... I HOPE IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I CAN USE IT!..

AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL HOME, ARTHUR GOES TO THE PLANE PLANT WITH HIS FATHER, AND...



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE SECOND THEFT OF VALUABLE BLUE-PRINTS THAT HAS OCCURRED... SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

FIFTH COLUMNISTS STEALING AIRPLANE PLANS... THE TIME HAS COME! EXCALIBUR AND I MUST FIND THE SPIES!

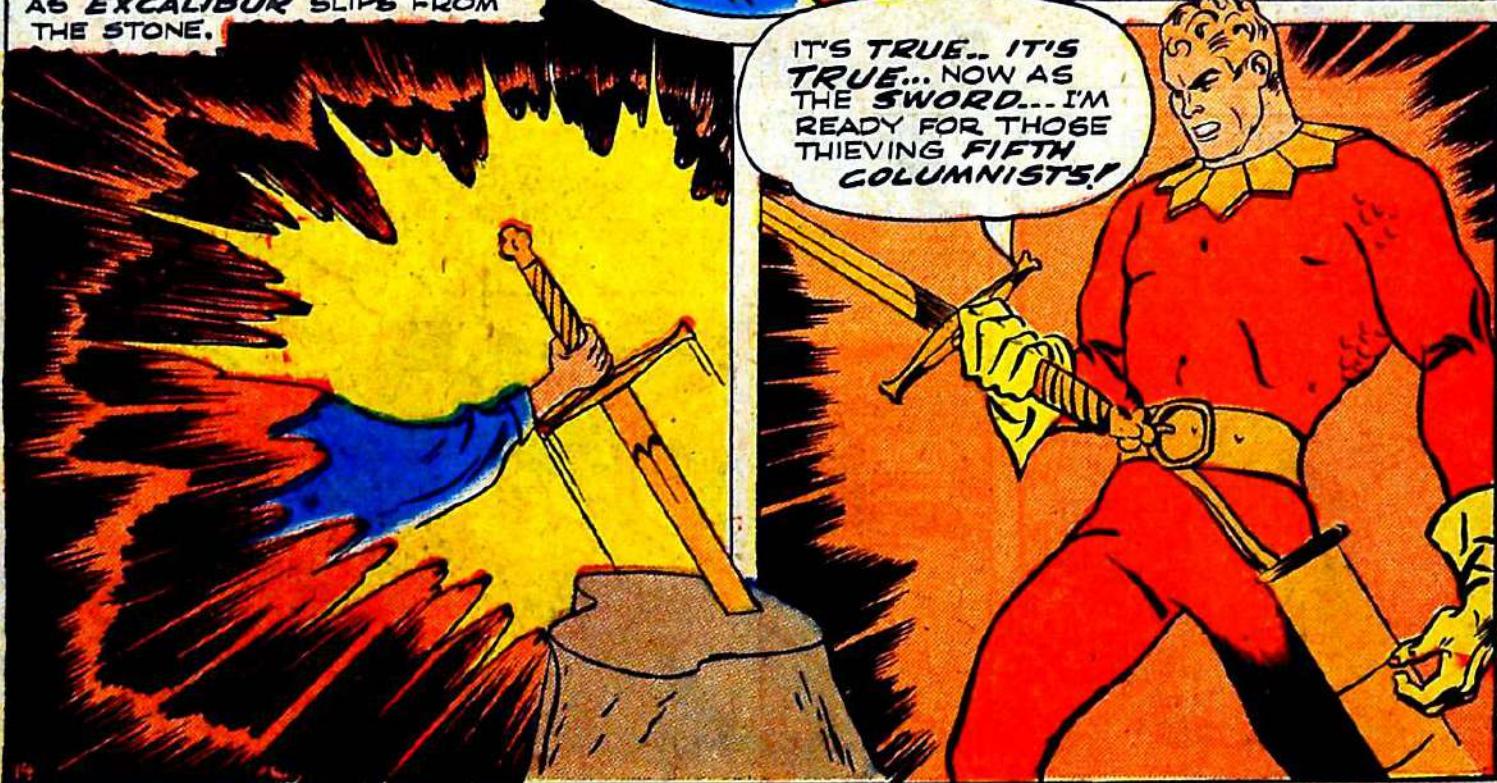
THE MOMENT IS NOW... ARTHUR PREPARES TO DRAW EXCALIBUR FROM THE STONE!.. CAN HE DO IT?

BUT WHAT? THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS CAN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE! I'M AFRAID THE PLANS OF OUR LATEST SUPER-BOMBER WILL BE STOLEN NEXT



AT ARTHUR'S GENTLE TUG THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH AS EXCALIBUR SLIPS FROM THE STONE.

IT'S TRUE.. IT'S TRUE... NOW AS THE SWORD... I'M READY FOR THOSE THIEVING FIFTH COLUMNISTS!



THAT NIGHT THE SWORD
HIDES IN THE FILING ROOM
AT THE PLANE FACTORY...
...Suddenly...

LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY
AND GET OUT OF
HERE!

WHY THAT
GIRL IS DAD'S
PRIVATE SECRET-
ARY.. NAOMI
JOHNSON!

CAN I HELP
YOU?

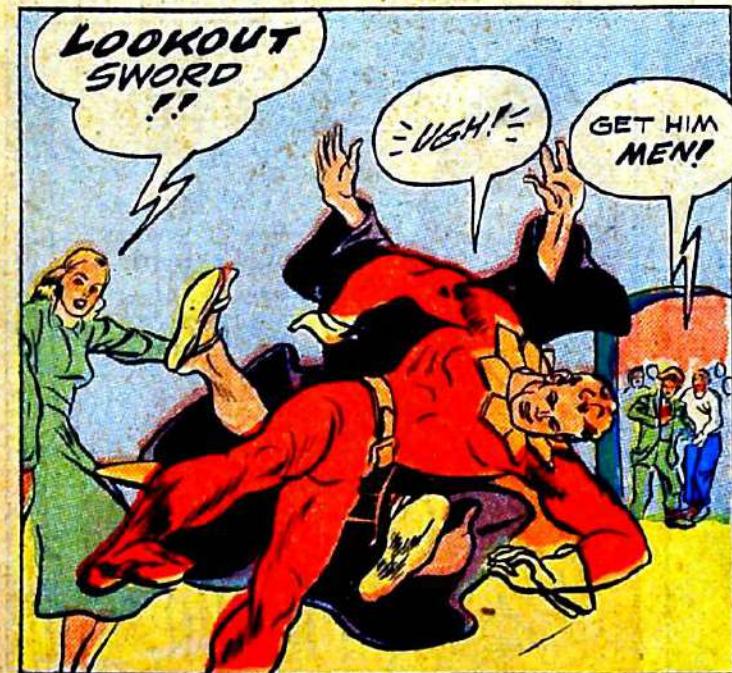
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TH...?

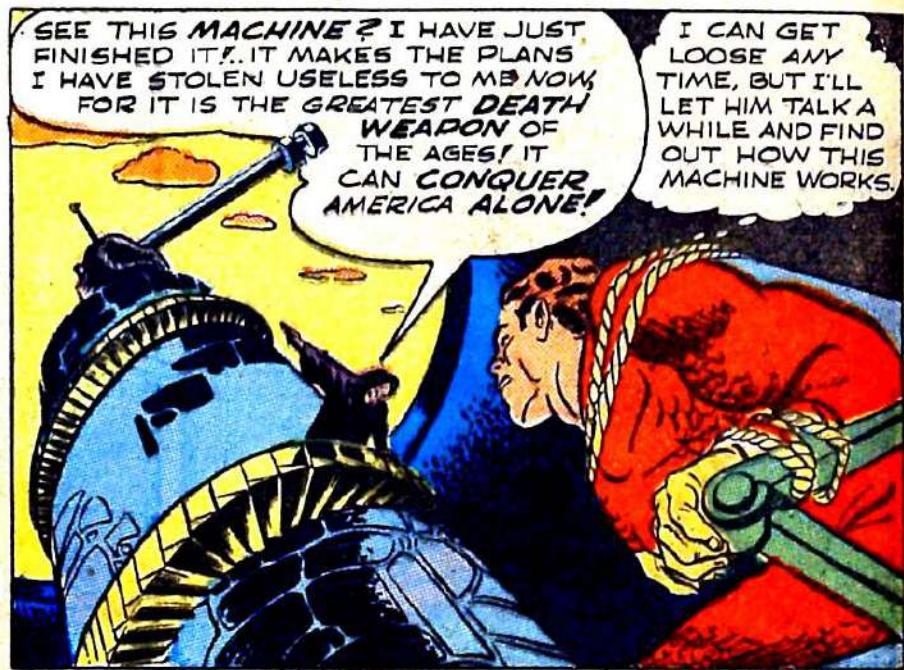
OH!

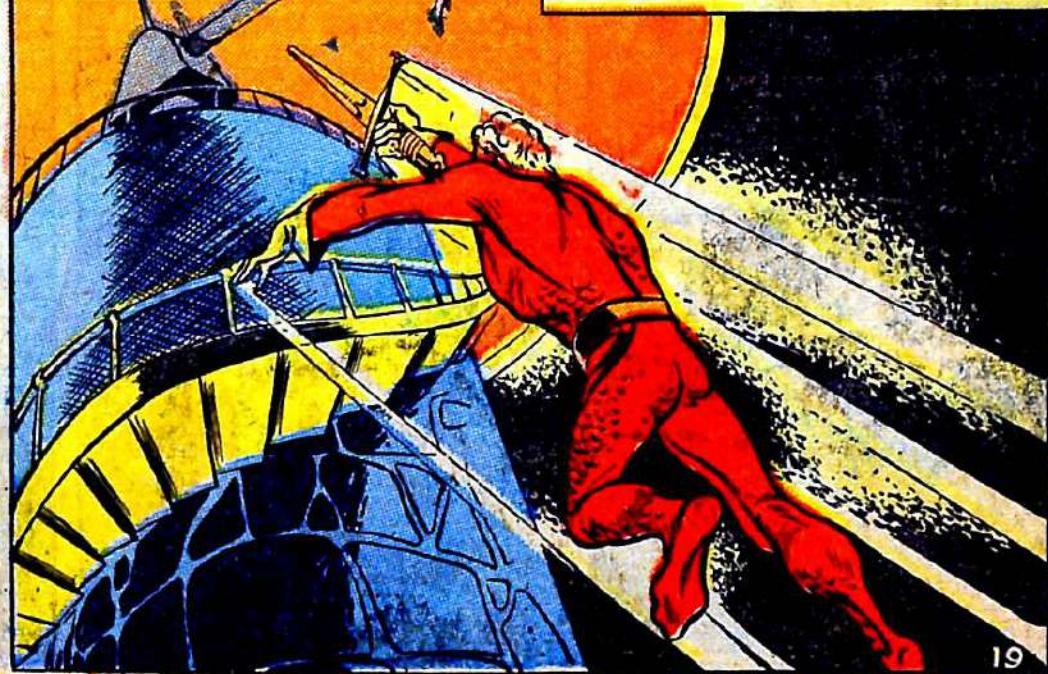
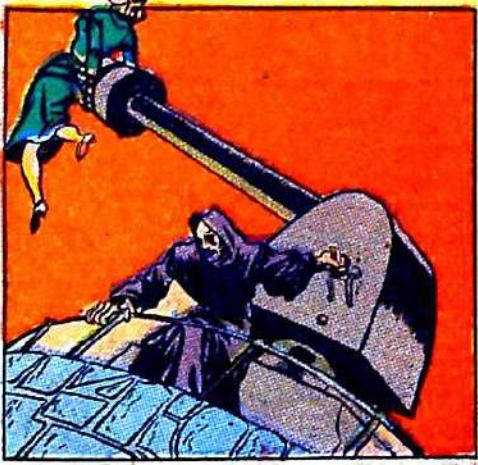
THIS'LL HELP YOU...
TO A ONE-WAY
RIDE!













THE SWORD OVERTAKES THE BLACK MASTER AT THE EDGE OF A GREAT CLIFF?

AT LAST..! I'VE GOT YOU!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

But THE FORCE OF THE SWING UNBALANCES THE BLACK MASTER... HE SWAYS FOR A MOMENT..! And...



the

the LONE WARRIOR

VACCINATED WITH THE ELIXIR OF POWER BY THEIR DYING FATHER WHO COMMANDED THEM TO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES AGAINST EVIL.... STAN CARTER AND YOUNG DICKY ONCE AGAIN CHANGE TO THEIR ROLES AS THE LONE WARRIOR AND HIS PARTNER WHO PIT THEIR CUNNING AGAINST NAZI PLOTTERS!



CAMP FLAGG!! AS AN ARMY TRUCK RUMBLES TOWARD THE CAMP'S LAUNDRY CONCESSION ITS HEADLIGHTS PICK OUT A SCENE OF VIOLENCE!

HEY! WHO ARE --- OUCH!

SHUT HIM UP... QVICK!!

CAMP FLAGG LAUNDRY CONCESSION

OH...YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW---SAY! WHAT GOES ON???

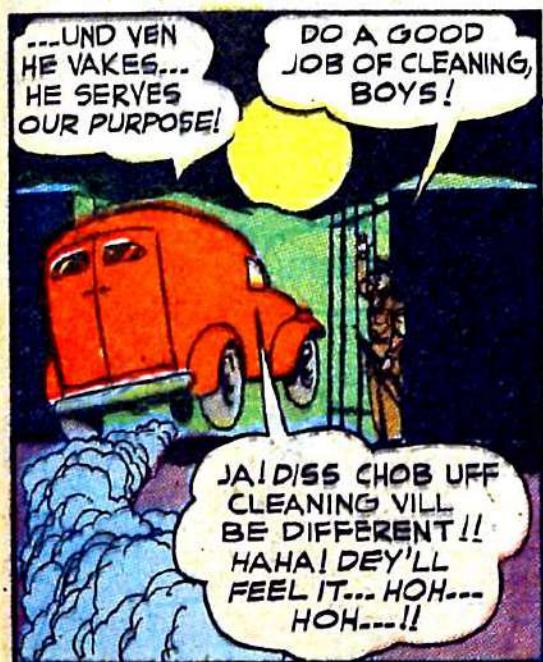
A SCREECH OF BRAKES, AND THE DRIVER, STAN CARTER WHO, IN REALITY IS THE AMAZING "LONE WARRIOR"---LEAPS FROM THE STILL MOVING TRUCKS ---

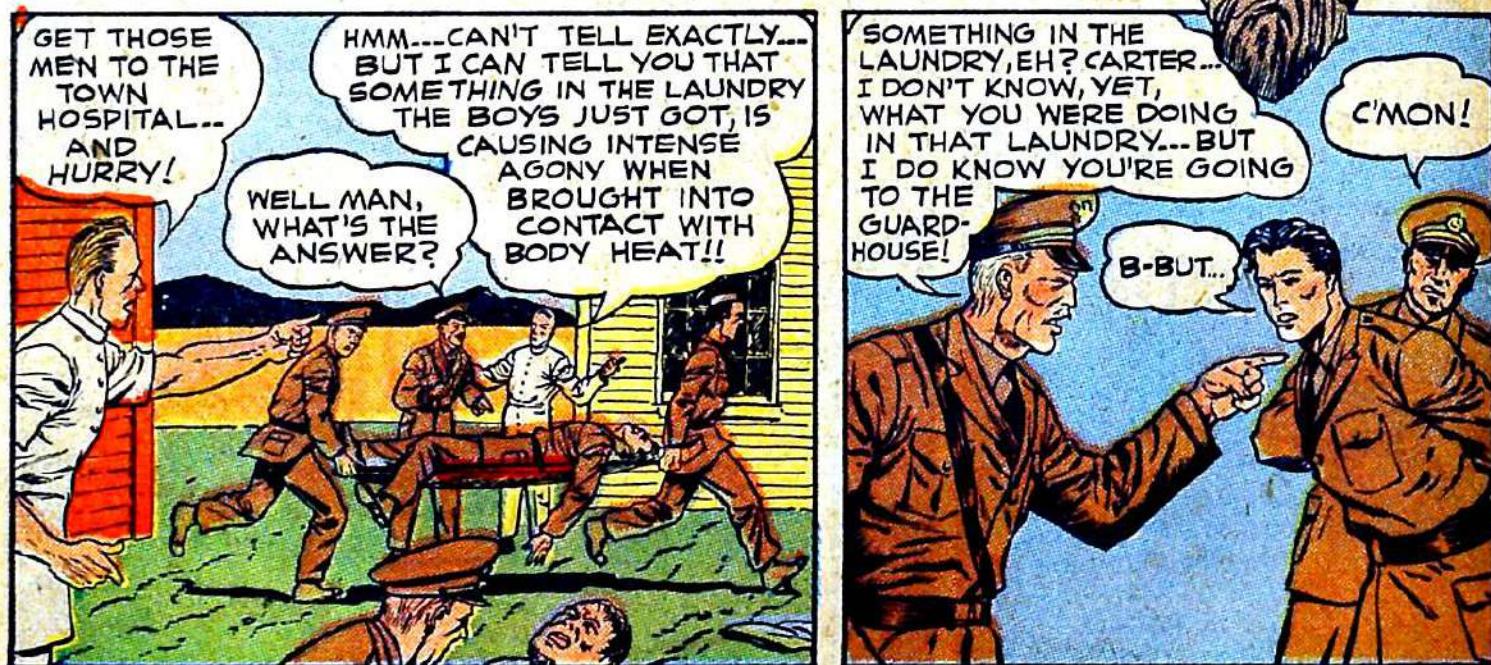
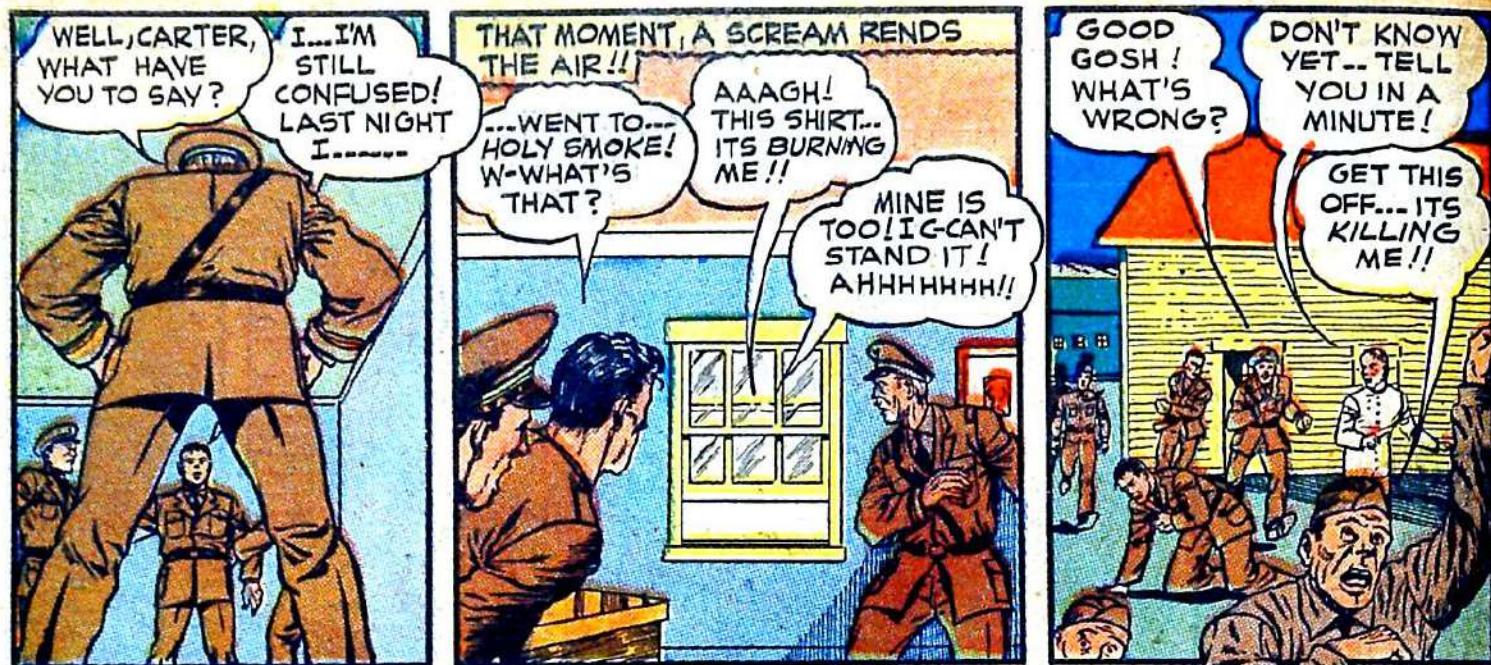
VOT? OHHH!

THREE AGAINST ONE, EH? HOW ABOUT SOME COMPANY?

I'LL TEACH YOU...UGH!

CORRECTION! I'LL TEACH YOU!!





THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE ARMY CAMP, STAN CARTER'S BROTHER, DICKY, WAITS IMPATIENTLY.

GEE THAT'S FUNNY! STAN WAS NEVER THIS LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT! MAYBE HE GOT SENTRY DUTY TONIGHT AN' COULDN'T GET AWAY! I'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE!

DASHING TOWARD THE CAMP, DICKY SEARCHES FRANTICALLY.

NOPE, THAT ISN'T STAN... GOSH! TH' PLACE IS QUARANTINED!

I'M STAN CARTER'S BROTHER.. WHAT HAPPENED? IS.. IS HE ALLRIGHT???

HE'S ALLRIGHT... IN THE TOWN JAIL! TEUR.. THAT'S WHAT HE IS!!

DICKY WHIPS ABOUT AND DASHES TOWARD THE JAIL...

THEY'VE GOT STAN ALL WRONG! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

AT THE JAIL--

CARTER'S KID BROTHER, EH? AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BE PROUD OF! GO AHEAD--I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW MINUTES WITH HIM!

I'M CARTER'S BROTHER. I WANNA SEE HIM!!

AND THAT'S THE COMPLETE STORY, KID! I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND A STARTING POINT FROM WHICH TO MOVE!

YEAH--BUT.. SAY, STAN, WHAT'S ALL THE LAUNDRY DOIN' AROUND?

DON'T TOUCH THAT!! THAT'S WHERE ALL THE TROUBLE SPRANG FROM!!

S-SURE! H-HEY STAN!! LOOK!!

AHA! SO THE GOLIATH LAUNDRY COMPANY PRINTS ITS SEVENS GERMAN STYLE, EH? WELL... WELL!!

SUDDENLY, TWO HEADS DRAW CLOSE TOGETHER...

--BZZ-- THAT'S HOW WE'LL GET OUT!

...GOOD IDEA!

WITH THE CLOTHES UNDERNEATH, THE BED'LL LOOK FILLED WITH ME!

YEAH AND IF WE GET OUT OF HERE QUICK ENOUGH, WE'LL FILL THE GOLIATH LAUNDRY COMPANY WITH FISTS!

GOLIATH LAUNDRY CO
767 BLAKE AVE.

THE LONE WARRIOR'S ROPELIKE MUSCLES TENSE---AND PRISON BARS GIVE WAY!

AAHHHH! THEY'RE GIVING WAY!

GEE, IF DAD WERE ALIVE HE'D CERTAINLY BE PROUD OF THE POWER ELIXIR HE INVENTED...AN' TH' GOOD WORK WE'RE GOING TO DO WITH IT!!

NOISELESSLY DROPPING TO THE GROUND OUTSIDE---THE TWO FIGURES RACE INTO THE NIGHT...

THIS IS IT, WARRIOR!

YEP..HERE WE GO!!!

TEXAS LAUNDRY

THEIR FLYING FEET POUND UP THE STAIRS...

HA HA! YOU SHOULD HAFF SEEN THE SOLDIERS DYING, THAT SHTUFF VE PUT IN DER LAUNDRY WORKED BEYOOTIFULLY! UND DOT FOOL VE FRAMED... ISS IN CHAIL!! DEY BLAME HIM...HAHA!

LISTEN TO THAT!!

UND BEST UF ALL DER CAMP IS QVARANTINED. VE SMASH DER FEW FOOLS LEFT TO GUARD IT... LOAD ALL AMMUNITION AND GUNS OUR LAUNDRY TRUCKS WILL TAKE... AND DEN---

WAIT A MINUTE, DICKY, THAT VOICE SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

DEN YOT?

DEN. VE GET ACROSS DER TEXAS BORDER INTO MEXICO AND SEND DER SHTUFF TO CHERMANY---ULP! WH- WHO SAID DOT????

I DID...AND I'M NOT FINISHED!

DON'T ASK QVESTIONS--- SHOOT!!

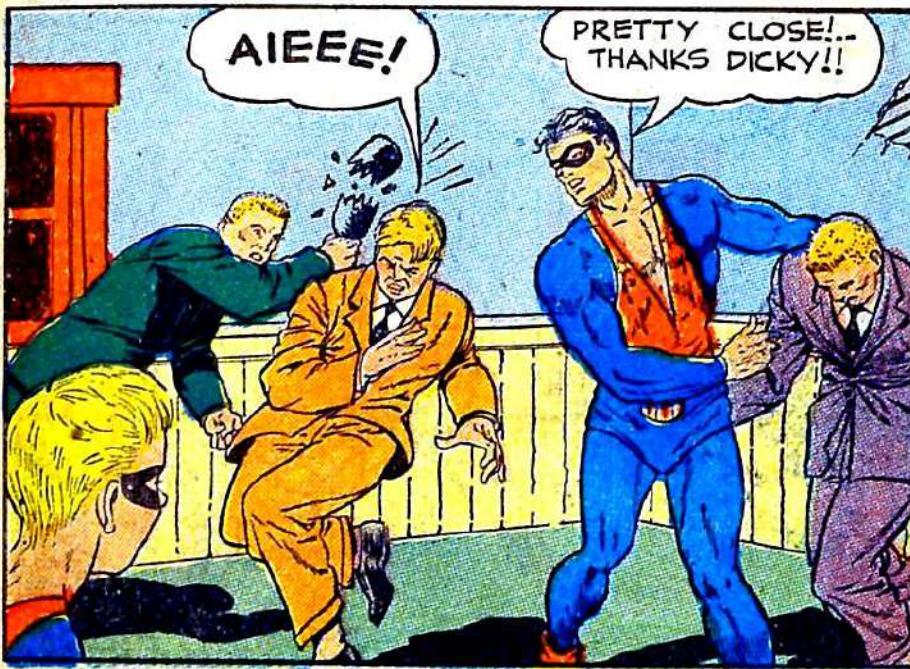
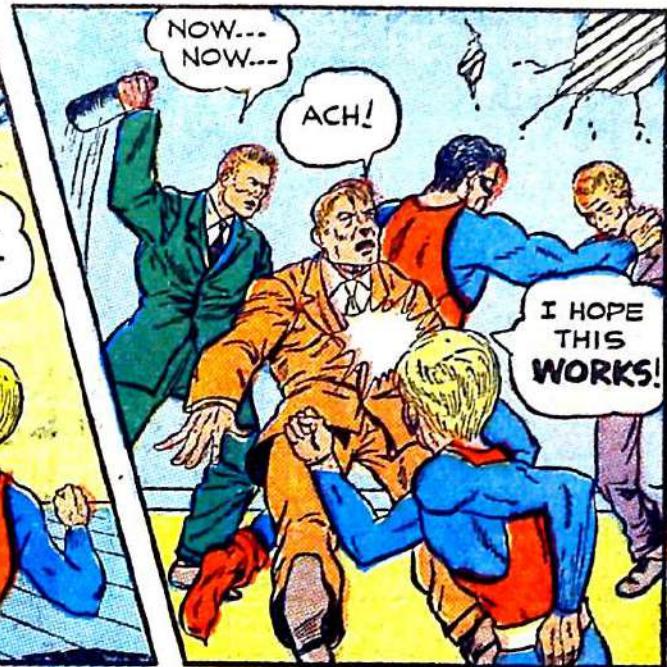
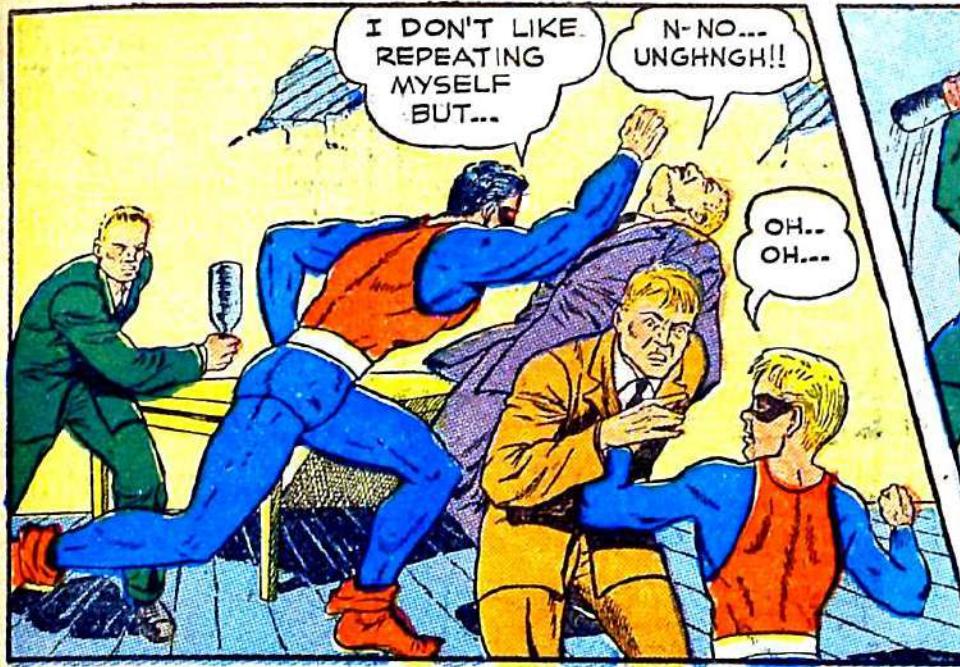
WHO ARE...

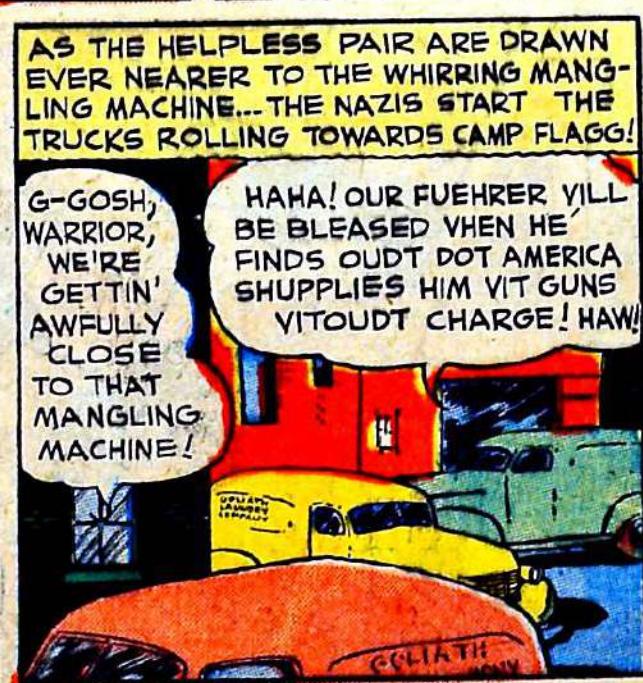
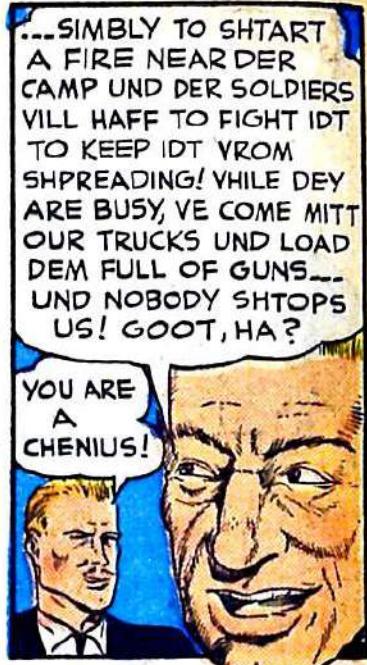
'SHOTS GO WILD AS PUNISHING FISTS CRASH AGAINST NAZI JAWBONES!

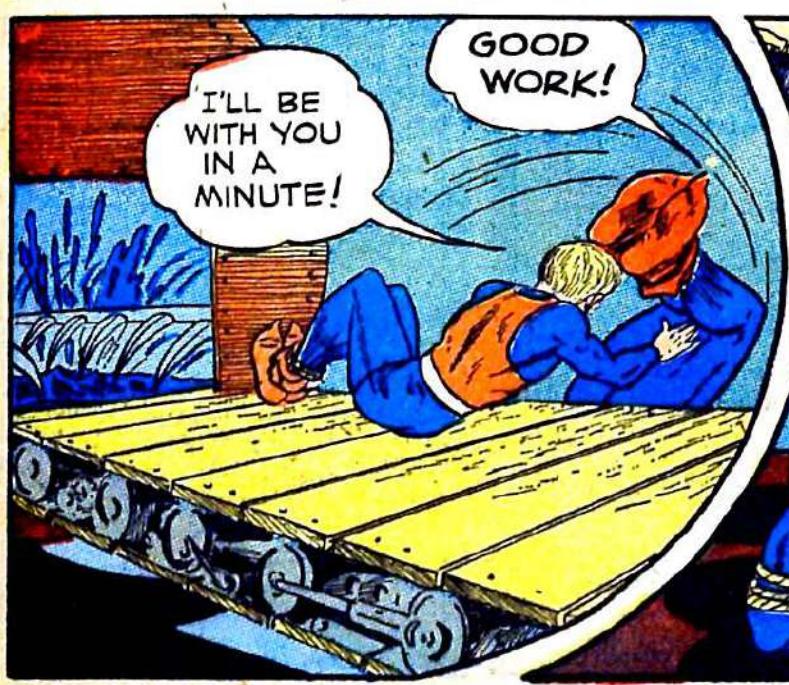
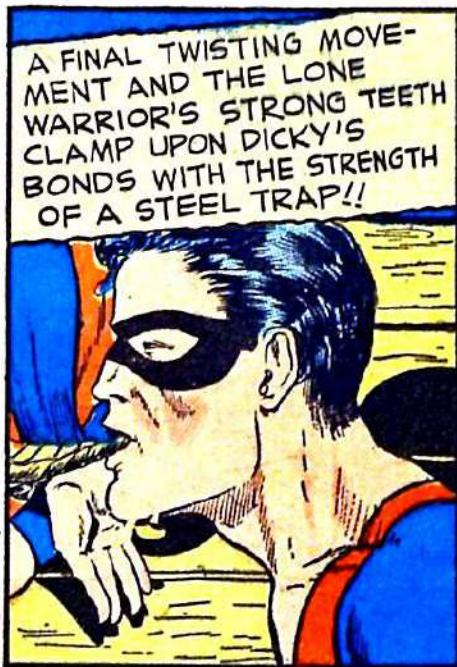
I'LL...I'LL... UGH!

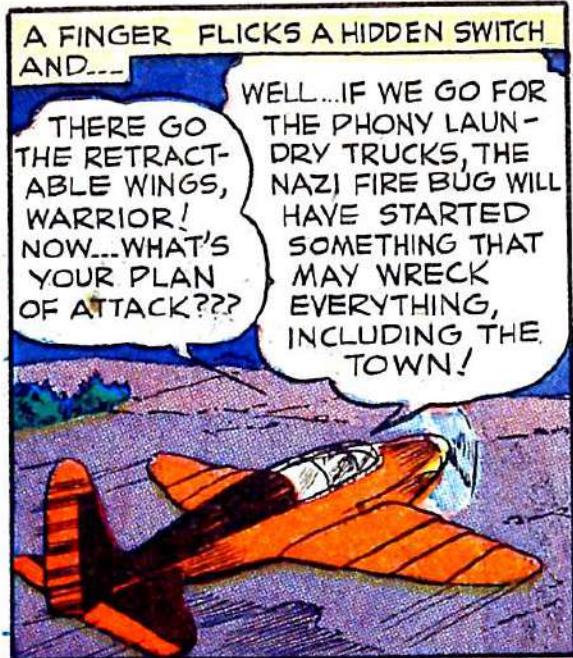
MIND IF I CHANGE THE RECORD?

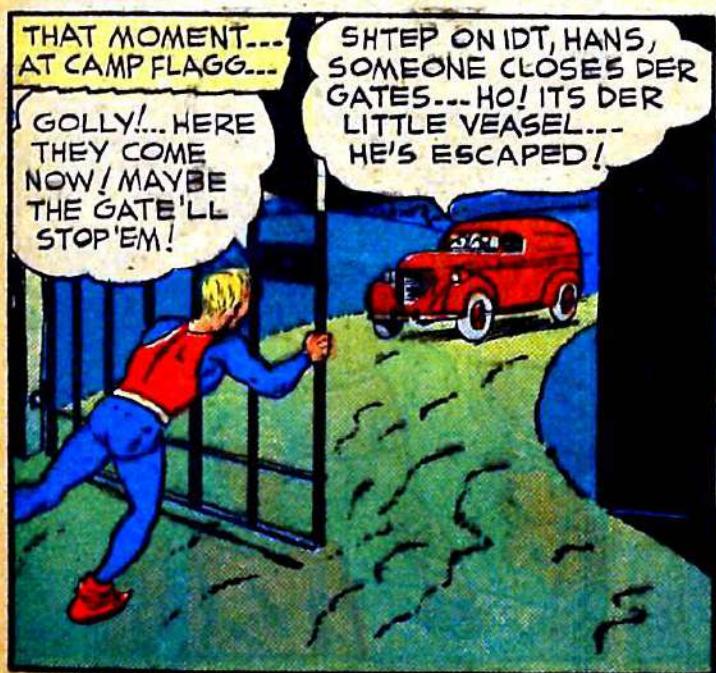
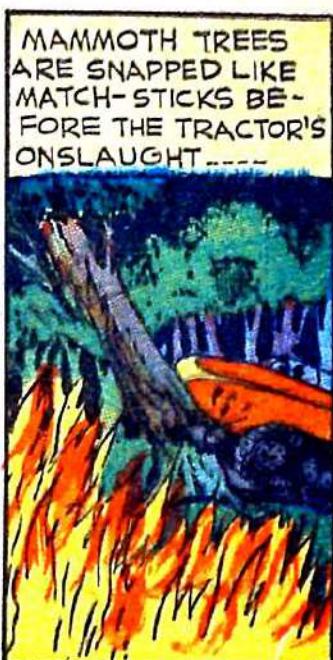
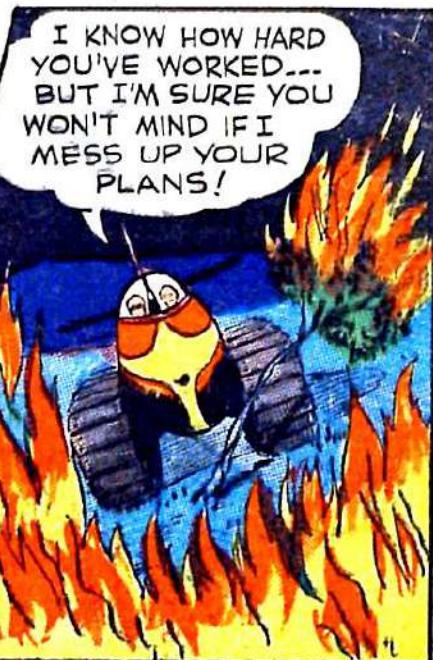
OUUF!











AS THE NAZIS, WIELDING SUB-MACHINE GUNS, POUR FROM THE TRUCKS, AN AVENGING MAN-MADE BIRD SWEEPS OVER THE FIELD...

HO! MISSED DER SHRIMP! DIS TIME VE MAKE SURE!

THEY'VE GOT DICKY CORNERED!

...BUT THERE'S ONE MORE RABBIT, OR SNAKE... LEFT IN THE HAT!

A--A PLANE--- UND IDT DROPS A BOMB!

AND IT IS A BOMB---A HUMAN BOMB, FOR THE LONE WARRIOR HAS FLUNG WILHELM---THE FALSE LAUNDRY CONCESSIONAIRE FROM THE WONDER PLANE---

THIS'LL HOLD 'EM TILL WARRIOR SETS TH' PLANE DOWN!

AIEEEE!

ITS---WILHELM---UGH!

SAY! HE WASN'T KIDDING, WAS HE?

NO! AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE THOSE GUYS PRETTY WELL CLEANED UP FOR US!

NICE GOING, DICKY!

THE NAZIS CONFESS AND---

SAY,--WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT TO THANK YOU!

FOR WHAT? THANK US FOR SOMETHING WE ENJOYED DOING? DON'T KID US!

WELL, WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE DONE A SWELL JOB! I BETTER GET CARTER OUT OF JAIL AND PERSONALLY APOLOGIZE!

LATER...

CARTER, I'VE COME HERE TO APOLOGIZE AND... SAY, WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH THOSE BARS?

HUH??OH.. ER... JUST EXERCISING! KEEPING FIT,Y'KNOW! HAHA!

GULP... JUST STRAIGHT-ENED OUT THOSE BARS IN TIME!

YOU STILL HERE???? WELL..YOU CAN BOTH LEAVE NOW!

TYphoon Tyson



OIL SHIPMENTS FROM AMERICAN-OWNED OIL FIELDS IN ARABIA TO SINGAPORE ARE BEING MYSTERIOUSLY SUNK IN THE INDIAN OCEAN. TYphoon Tyson is COMMISSIONED BY U.S. NAVAL HEADQUARTERS AT MANILA TO TRACK DOWN THE TROUBLE.

AT U.S. NAVAL HEADQUARTERS AT MANILA.

THERE ARE THIS IS GOING YOUR SEALED ORDERS CAPTAIN TO BE A LOT OF TYSON.. AND FUN, GOOD LUCK! COMMANDER!

GET ALL STORES ABOARD QUICKLY, ANZAC. WE'RE HEADING FOR BOMBAY!

OH, BOY! SOME ACTION AT LAST!

AND THAT EVENING THE DOUGHTY SEA LION STANDS OUT TO SEA ON ITS PERILOUS MISSION.



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE SEA LION DROPS ANCHOR AT BOMBAY. . . .

IT'LL BE GOOD TO HIT THE BEACH AFTER THAT LONG PULL!

YOU SAID IT MIKE!



THAT NIGHT, MIKE WINDS UP IN A WATER-FRONT DIVE.

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, CARMEN!

YOU'RE A GOOD GUY, MIKE!



BUT CARMEN IS A CLEVER SPY FOR A NAZI AGENT. . . .

AND SHE FINALLY GETS MIKE TO TELL HER WHY THE SEA LION IS IN BOMBAY. . . .



SUDDENLY, IN HIS STUPOR, MIKE GROWS SUSPICIOUS OF CARMEN!

WHEN DO YOU SAIL, MIKE?

WE'RE SAILIN'... WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE TO YOU?



I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS IF YOU TELL ME!

OH! SO YOU'RE A SPY, EH? WELL, I'M NOT TALKIN', SEE! AND I'LL . . .



FEARING MIKE WILL EXPOSE HER TO THE POLICE, CARMEN SIGNALS HER HENCHMEN TO CAPTURE HIM!

YOU ARE VERY SILLY, MIKE!

OH, YEAH!



THE OTHER SPIES CLOSE IN ON MIKE!

COME ON OUTSIDE A MINUTE, BUDDY!

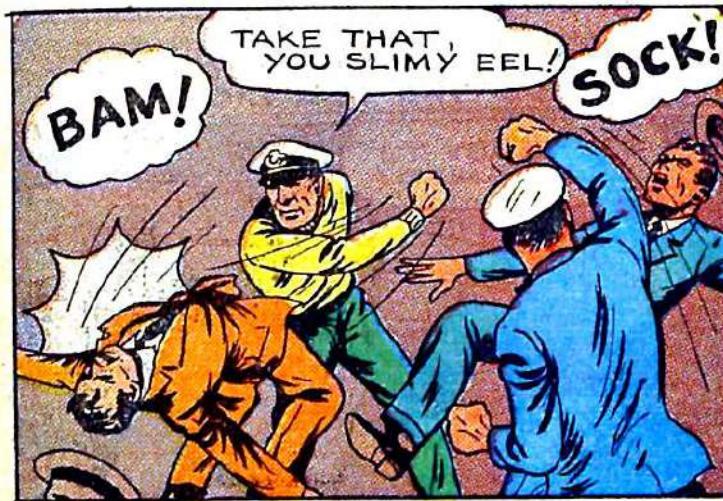
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



MEANWHILE, TYPHOON AND ANZAC, RETURNING TO THE SEA LION, PASS BY THE BAR MIKE IS IN



TYPHOON AND ANZAC WADE IN TO RESCUE MIKE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, CARMEN REPORTS TO HER NAZI CHIEF IN A SUMPTUOUS ORIENTAL HIDE-OUT.

YES, HERR LEADER, THAT SHIP, THE SEA LION, THAT ARRIVED TODAY, IS LEAVING VERY SOON TO HUNT OUR RAIDERS!

VERY GOOD WORK, CARMEN! VE SHALL SOON FIX THEM!



THE NAZI AGENT RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SUBMARINE.

WATCH FOR THE SEA LION. IT SHOULD BE IN YOUR AREA IN ABOUT THREE DAYS. WE WILL TRAIL HER IN OUR RAIDER!

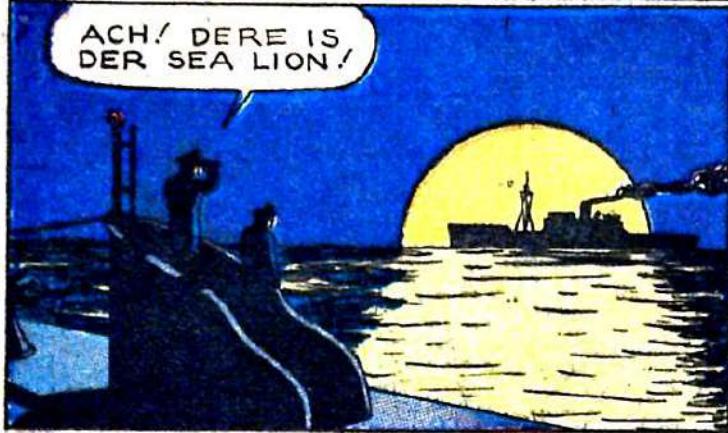


NEXT DAY, ABOARD THE NAZI RAIDER. . . .

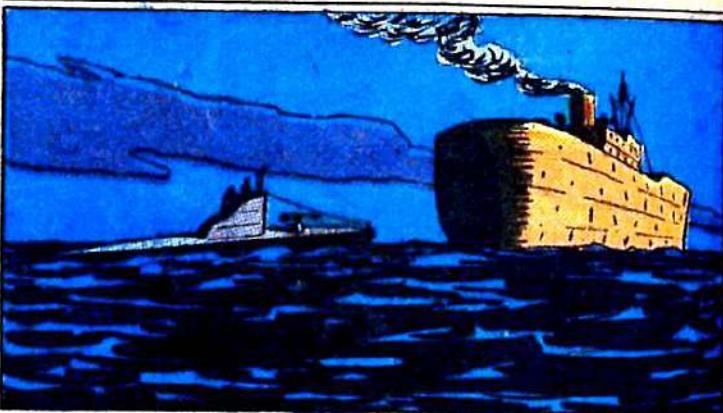
YES, THAT'S THE SEA LION STEAMING OUT NOW! WE WILL FOLLOW HER!



THREE NIGHTS OUT OF BOMBAY, THE NAZI SUB SIGHTS THE SEA LION..



PLANNING TO LOOT THE SEA LION BEFORE TORPEDOING IT, THE SUB SNEAKS UP ON IT!



VE VILL BOARD HER! GET YOUR CUTLASSES UND PISTOLS READY, DUMMERS!



THE SUB IS UNOBSERVED IN THE NIGHT AS IT SILENTLY CREEPS ALONGSIDE THE SEA LION!



SUDDENLY THE PIRATE CREW FLASH THEIR WEAPONS AND SWARM OVER THE SIDE OF THE SEA LION!



A BRUTAL FIGHT ENSUES BUT THE SURPRISED CREW OF THE SEA LION IS FINALLY OVERCOME!



SO YOU'RE THE PIRATE. DOGS WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HUNT DOWN!

YES, HERR CAPTAIN! VE ARE VERY SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PLANS! TIE THEM UP, MEN!



THIS LOOKS BAD, ANZAC!

NOW LOCK THEM UP BELOW DECKS UND AFTER VE ROB THE SHIP, VE BLOW IT UP!



AS THEY TURN INTO A CORRIDOR BELOW DECKS, TYPHOON SLIPS INTO A DARK COMPARTMENT UNOBSERVED BY THE TWO GUARDS!



THE GUARDS, NOT NOTICING TYPHOON'S ABSENCE, LOCK UP THE CREW AND RETURN TO TOPSIDE.



I'VE GOT TO GET FREE AND SINK THAT SUB BEFORE THEY SINK US! HOW CAN I CUT THIS ROPE? BROKEN GLASS WOULD DO IT! AH! I'LL BREAK A WINDOW GLASS ON THE BRIDGE!



TYPHOON STEALS ABOVE AND, IN THE BREAKING DAWN, WATCHES THE SUB PULL AWAY FROM THE SEA LION!



HE WAITS TILL THE SUB IS WELL CLEAR, THEN RUNS TO THE BRIDGE!



HE KICKS OUT A PANE OF GLASS, EXPOSING A SHARP EDGE!



FRANTICALLY, HE RUBS THE ROPE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE SHARP EDGE OF THE BROKEN GLASS!



AFTER LONG EFFORT THE ROPE IS FINALLY CUT!



TYPHOON RUSHES MADLY TO THE GUN!



BUT ANOTHER NAZI SUB, ALSO SEEKING THE SEA LION, APPROACHES FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

OUR OTHER SUB MUST HAVE CAPTURED THE SEA LION!

TYPHOON MANS THE GUN ALONE!

NOW HE'S POINTING RIGHT AT US!

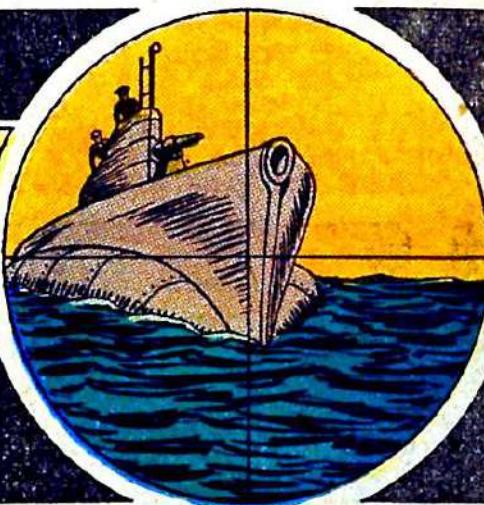


WHILE ON THE FIRST SUB . . .

STAND BY TO FIRE TORPEDO TUBE NUMBER 3!



TYPHOON POINTS THE GUN WITH DEADLY AIM!



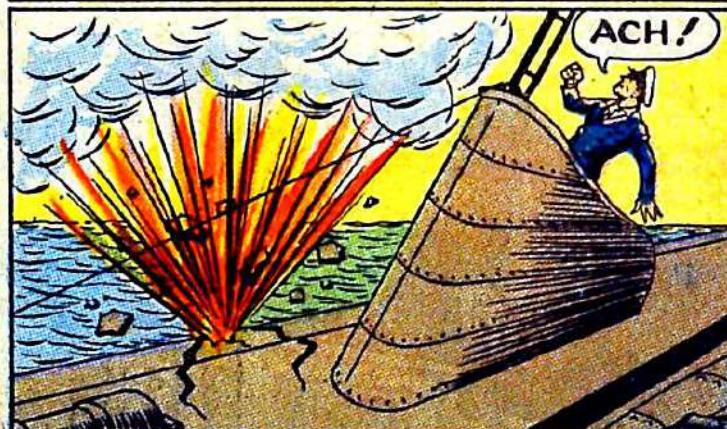
HE PULLS THE LANYARD AND A VIOLENT BLAST BREAKS THE STILLNESS!

DON'T MISS, BABY!



A DIRECT HIT! AND THE SUB BLOWS UP.

ACH!



NOW TO RELEASE THE CREW!

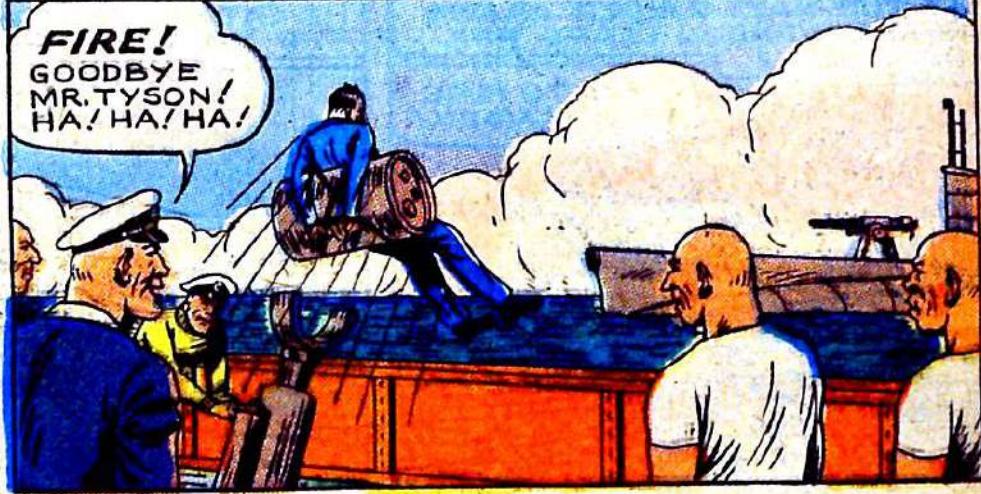
THE OTHER NAZI SUBMARINE, SENSING WHAT HAPPENED, OPENS FIRE WITH ITS HEAVIER GUN.



. . . AND DESTROYS THE SEA LION'S GUN!

WHAT THE . . . THERE GOES OUR GUN! ANOTHER SUB!! HE'S GOT US LICKED NOW!



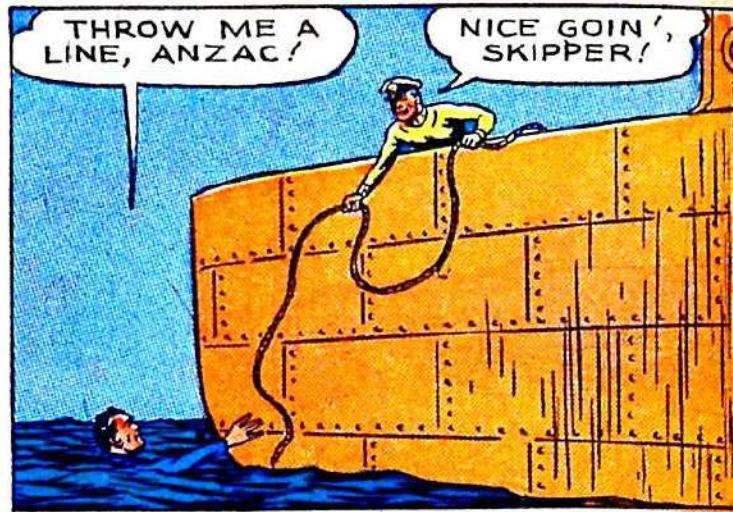


AS THE BOMB DESCENDS, TYPHOON
STREAKS FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE SEA LION!

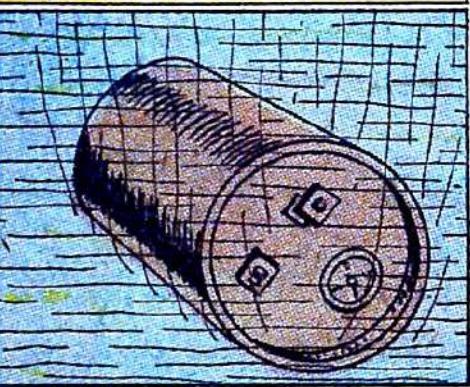
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE KNOTS PLENTY!

THROW ME A
LINE, ANZAC!

NICE GOIN',
SKIPPER!



THE BOMB PLUNGES
TO THE FATAL DEPTH
AS THE NAZIS RETURN
TO THEIR SUB!



AS IT REACHES 100 FEET
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
ROCKS THE OCEAN!



THE DOOMED SUB'S SEAMS
ARE SPLIT OPEN!



AS THE NAZI RAIDER DRAWS
NEAR, TYPHOON LEAPS FOR
HIS PLANE!

NOW TO NAIL
THAT RAIDER!



HE CATAPOULTS OFF THE SHIP TO BOMB
THE RAIDER!



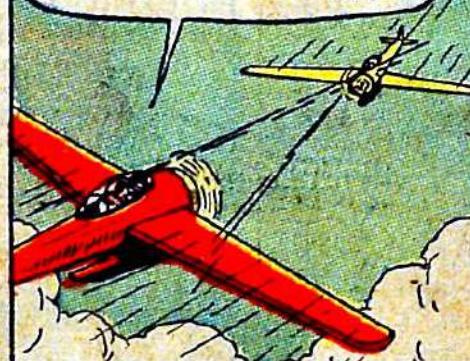
WHILE ON THE RAIDER...

ACH! A PLANE! I
MUST GO UP AND
BRING HIM DOWN!



A FURIOUS DOG FIGHT
FOLLOWS!

HE KNICKED MY
WING THAT TIME!

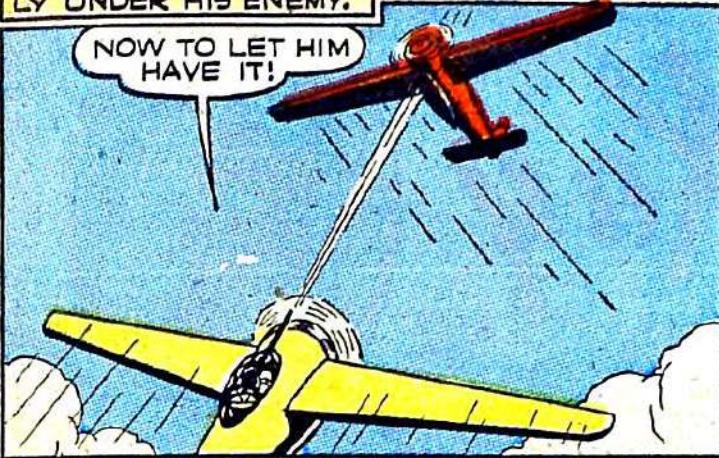


BUT A WICKED SPATTER
OF BULLETS SHATTERS
TYPHOON'S COCKPIT!

OUCH! HE GOT ME IN
IN THE SHOULDER!



BANKING QUICKLY, TYPHOON COMES UP DIRECTLY UNDER HIS ENEMY.



HIS WICKED FIRE TEARS THROUGH THE NAZI'S FUSELAGE AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!



AND NOW TO BOMB THAT RAIDING PIRATE OUT OF THE WATER!



BUT HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FROM THE RAIDER KEEPS TYPHOON TOO HIGH!



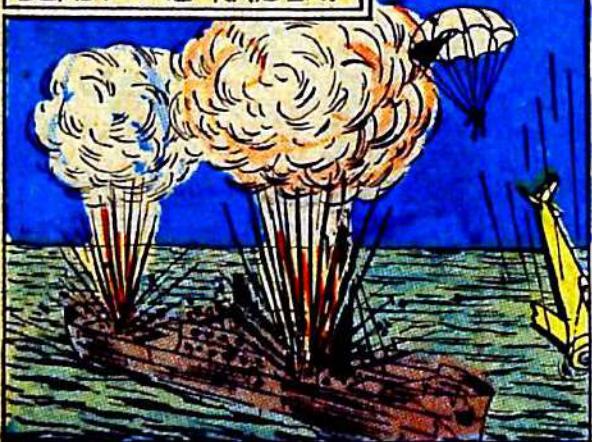
TYPHOON DECIDES ON A DARING BOMB DIVE.



AS TYPHOON DIVES ON THE RAIDER, IT'S DEADLY FIRE RIPS AWAY ONE OF HIS WINGS!



AS TYPHOON BAILS OUT, THE BOMBS BLAST THE RAIDER!

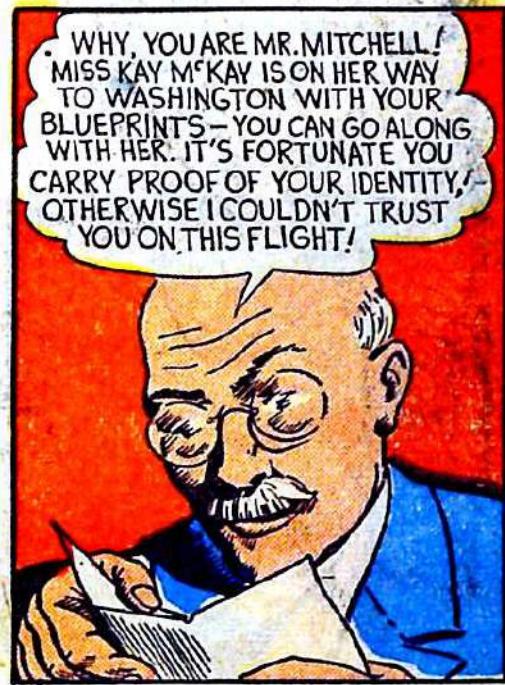


ANZAC'S BOAT CREW PICKS UP TYPHOON AS THE RAIDER GOES DOWN WITH ALL HANDS!

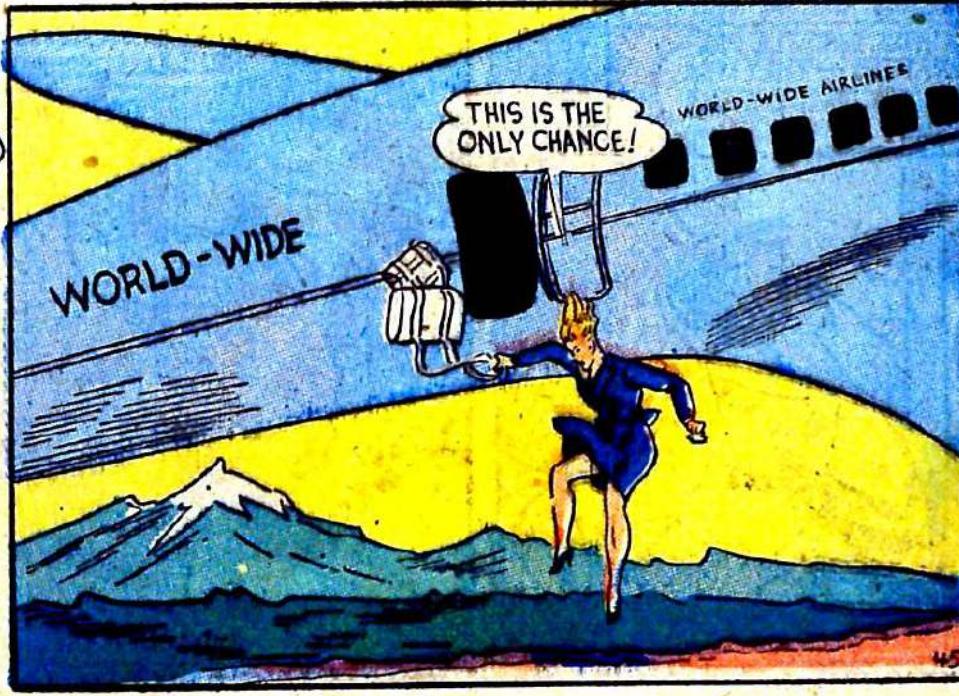


THERE'LL BE ANOTHER SMASHING TYPHOON TYSON ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!!







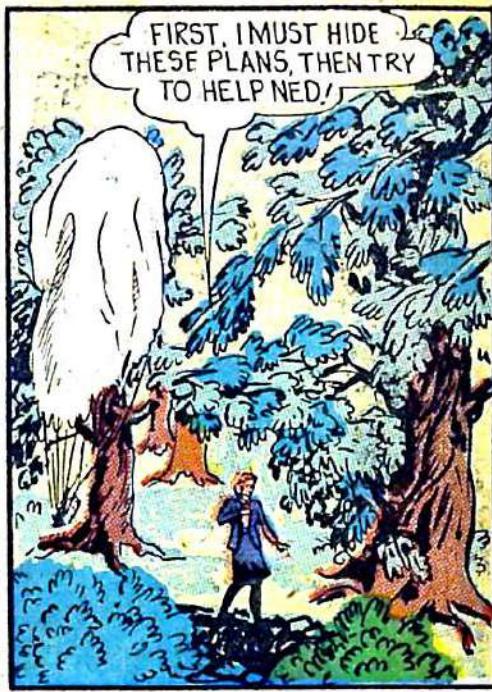


SLINGING ONE ARM THROUGH THE STRAPS OF THE PARACHUTE, KAY PULLS THE RIP CORD . . .

I HOPE THIS WORKS!

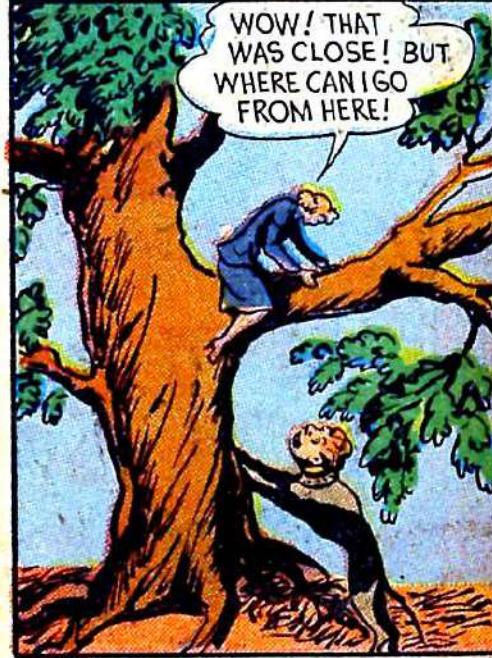
THEY'RE FORCING NED TO LAND NEAR THAT OLD MANSION NOT KNOWING THAT I HAVE THE PLANS THEY ARE AFTER!

FIRST, I MUST HIDE THESE PLANS, THEN TRY TO HELP NED!



AS KAY HIDES THE PAPERS SHE DOES NOT SEE A WEIRD FACE PEERING AT HER THROUGH THE BUSHES . . .

THIS IS A GOOD HIDING PLACE FOR THESE.



MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD MANSION

I WILL WHISTLE FOR MY PETS — THEY WILL MAKE THIS STUBBORN AMERICAN TALK!

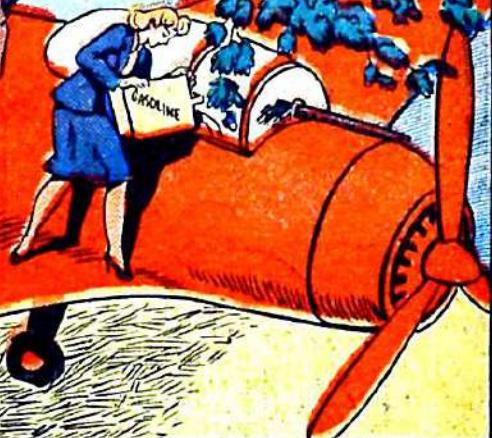
THAT FRIGHTFUL THINGobeys its master's whistle!





THIS WILL BE
A SURPRISE TO
THOSE NAZIS!
A CIRCLE OF GASOLINE
AROUND THEIR PLANE

FIRST STEP—
LIGHT A MATCH
TO THIS...



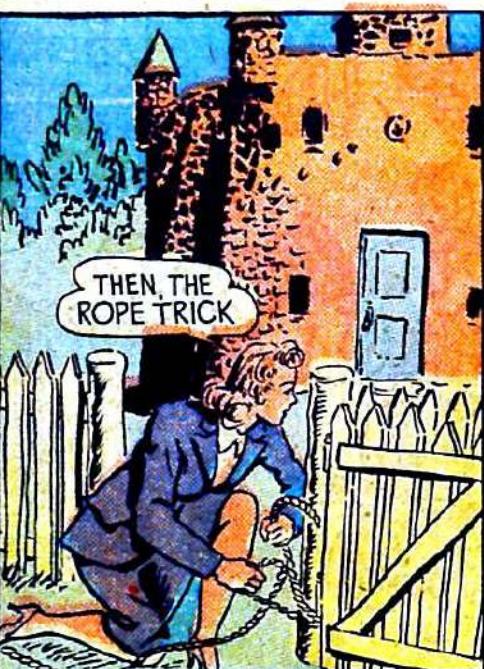
THEN, THE
ROPE TRICK

FIRE! FIRE!

OUR PLANE'S ON
FIRE! HURRY!

WHO DID
THAT?

THAT GIRL
DID IT! DON'T
LET HER GET
AWAY!



ALLOWING THE FIRST THREE SPIES TO PASS THROUGH
THE GATE, KAY PULLS THE ROPE AND
TRIPS THE LAST ONE.

DONNER
VETTER!

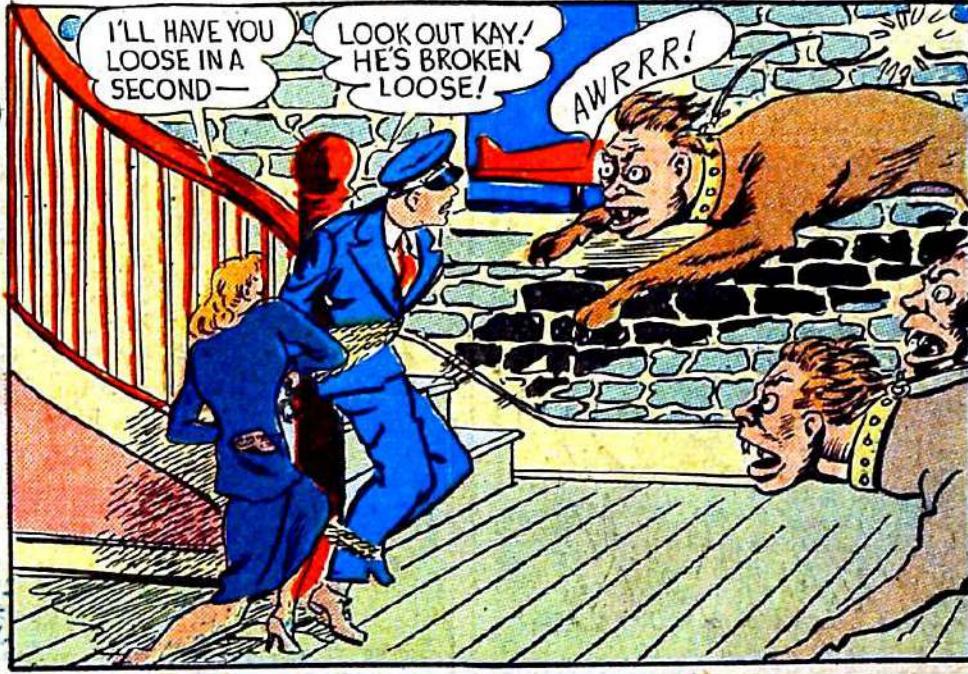
GET BACK THERE
WITH YOUR PALS

I GO QUICK,
DON'T SHOOT!

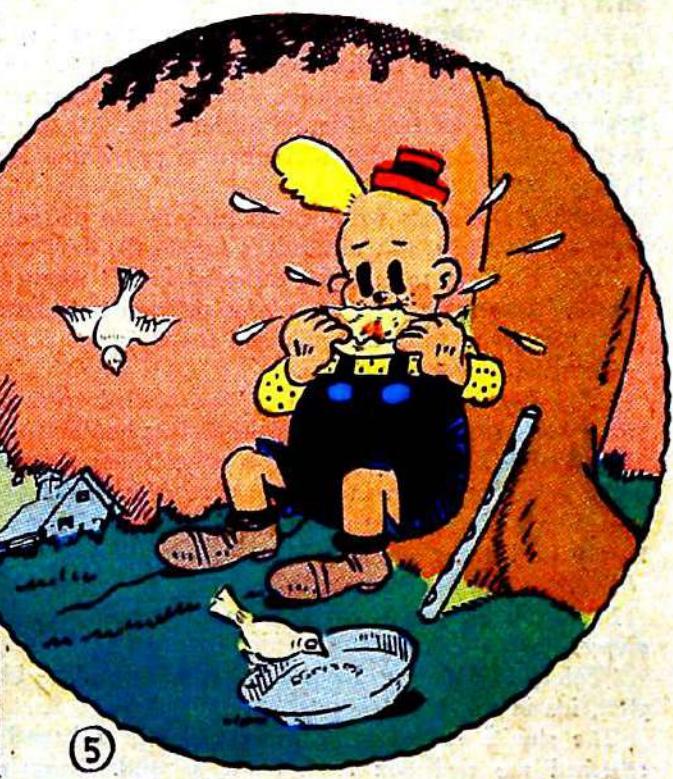
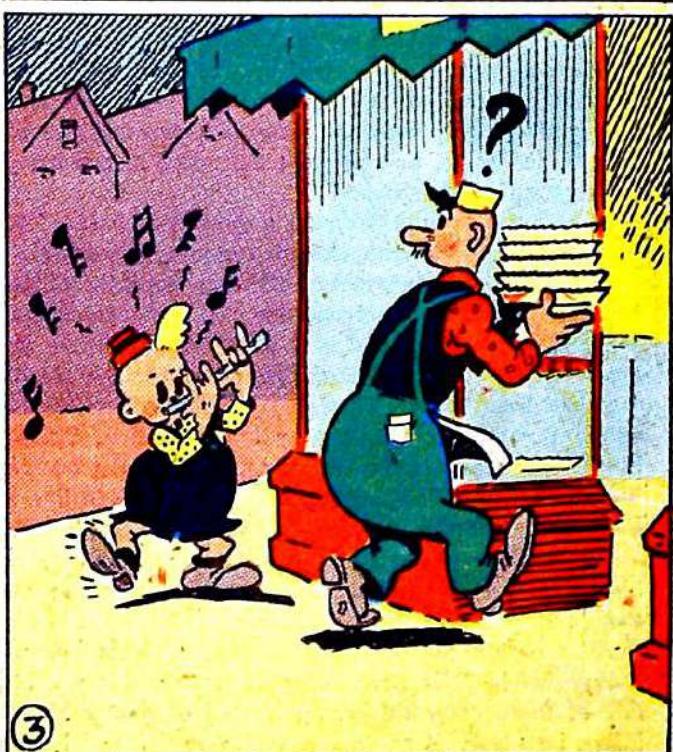
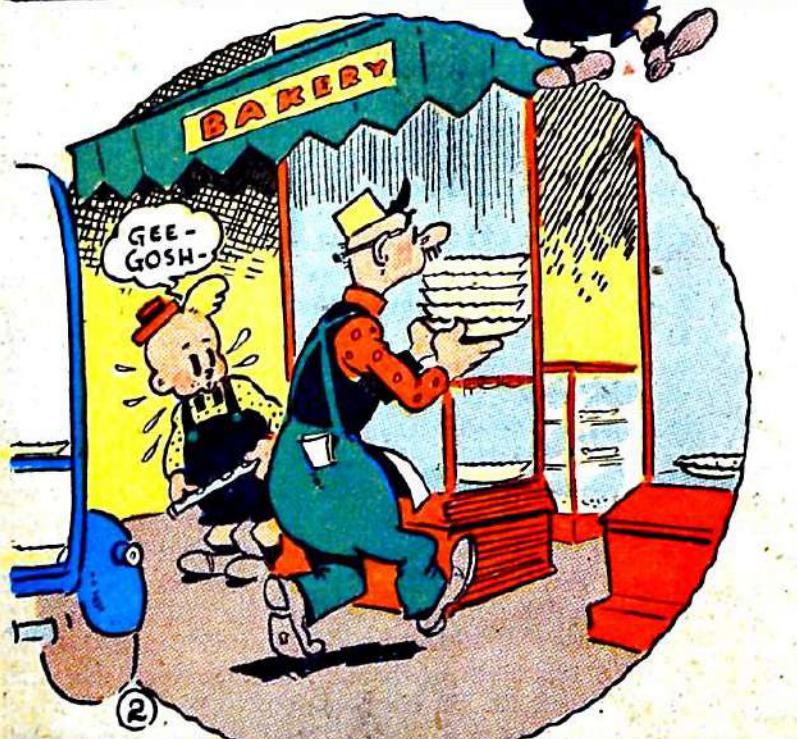
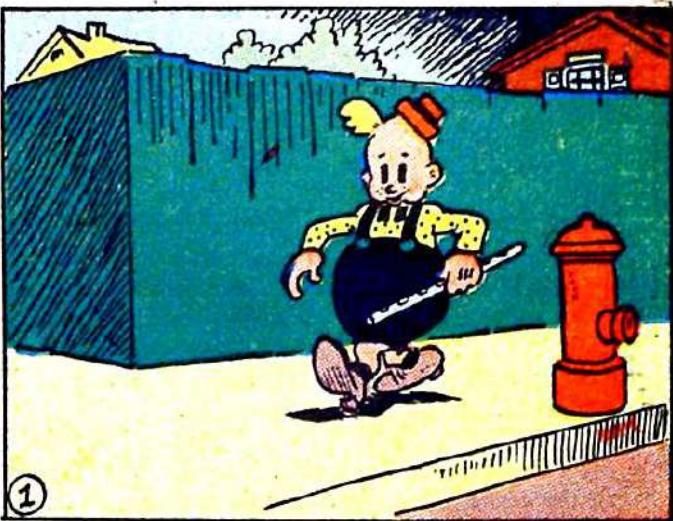
THE FOOL—
SHE IS LETTING
ME GET
AWAY!

NOW TO GET
THAT GUN!









Range

By Ralph

AS the figure blocked out the sun that streamed through the doorway into the hot office, Sheriff Charley Rizdal turned in his chair. The sheriff's craggy brows drew together in anger. His heavy jowels quivered as he roared: "Shorty, confound you, where you been?"

Deputy Shorty Herman's red moon face twisted into a forced smile. He swallowed with effort.

"Charley," he managed at last, "you see I heard about a gypsy camp over to Salt Basin. They got a snake charmer with the outfit an' thinkin' of this outlaw Culver, it sorta gave me an idea."

Sheriff Rizdal turned more fully to face his deputy. He smashed a hard fist onto his desk top.

"You mean to tell me, Shorty, that after that lecture I gave you on them no-good ideas of yours and the trouble they made for us, that you got the nerve to tell me you're working on another one?"

The sheriff's voice rose to a greater thunder. "Wasn't that Blackie Miller idea enough for you, I'm askin'?"

The fidgeting Shorty recalled that incident of Blackie Miller when he broke from the jail. He was cornered in Turner Valley by Rizdal and a posse, but where he had holed up he could stand off the posse for a week.

It had been Shorty's idea to go to the Fisher horse ranch where the rancher had a gray killer stallion. Taking the horse, they would stake it out near where the outlaw was hidden. Seeing this means of escape, Blackie Miller would make a try for the horse and, once he hit that saddle, the killer would explode like dynamite. While he was having his hands full keeping aboard the killer, the posse could close in.

All went off perfectly, excepting that Fisher knew about Shorty and his ideas. He thought that this was just another one of those crazy things. So instead of giving Shorty the killer, he gave him another animal, one that had been broken to the saddle.

Therefore, when the outlaw hit the saddle and sank in his spurs, the gray stallion took him away so far and so fast that Charley Rizdal and the posse didn't have a chance. They hadn't heard from Blackie Miller since. All that came out of this, was that the county had to pay Fisher for his horse.

Shorty's reflections were jerked back to the present moment by another smash of Rizdal's fist on the desk top.

"You listening to me, you calf-eyed fool?" shouted the sheriff. "One more idea and you're through as a lawman. Back you go to forty a month and found."

The sheriff waved a paper.

"Two days ago," he continued, "the marshal up at Lodenstone wrote and told me that Snake Culver had busted outta Deer Lodge and was headin' this way. Think about how we're gonna rope him in and no more trick ideas."

Suddenly Rizdal's eyes glanced at the cardboard box which Shorty held under one arm.

"What's that box you got tied up there?" he asked.

Shorty's voice was hardly a whisper. He gulped and then answered:

"Thinkin' of Culver, I got an idea, Charley. The idea—well, it's in this box."

The sheriff came out of his chair with a bound and snatched the tied box from Shorty's hand. Savagely he flung it through the doorway into the dusty street. Then

drawing in a long breath, the lawman began to speak soothingly as he would to a small child.

"Shorty, old son, you're an expert with a six-gun and only an Indian has better eyes for trackin'. Yes, you're pretty valuable to this here sheriff's office, but today I got Culver on my mind and my patience is kinda worn. I don't want to see that face around me for the rest of the afternoon or night. You just go up to the Bottoms Up Saloon, Shorty, and get into a good card game or get good and drunk and sleep it off, and maybe by tomorrow your head will be all cleared of ideas. But whatever you do get outa my sight."

Shorty lifted a hand and opened his mouth as if to say something. Instead, shrugging, he turned and clunked outside. He stopped only to recover the box which Rizdal had taken from him and flung into the street.

SHERRIFF CHARLEY RIZDAL was the type who had, by hard work and effort, made a record for himself. When Snake Culver had held up the Voncha County stage, Charley saddled up and was not seen for four days. When he returned, Snake Culver was with him, a raging, fuming, wounded outlaw. From the time he was put in jail, tried by a jury and then shipped to Deer Lodge, he threatened to return and kill Charley Rizdal for what he had done.

Now, according to the marshal at Lodenstone, Culver was on his vengeance trail. Rizdal pulled out his watch and saw that the time was twelve thirty. Outside, night looked through the windows. The sheriff cleared his desk-top and then reached to turn out the lamp on the wall above it.

That was when he heard the creak of the door that opened into the cell block in the rear, and the voice that said: "Don't move, Rizdal! Get 'em up!"

Slowly the sheriff obeyed. Next he was commanded: "Turn around! And be quick about it!"

Rizdal turned. Then he knew that at last it had come. For he was looking into the green, wolflike eyes and black-bearded face of Snake Culver. In Culver's hairy hand reposed a long-barreled six-gun, pointed at the sheriff's head. Culver's lips were curled back from pointed teeth.

"Get up, sheriff, and move this way!"

Standing before the outlaw, Rizdal felt his gun being taken from its holster. He wished now that the jail and office had been built in the center of the town, instead of at one end of it. Then there might have been a chance for help.

Culver stepped back into the dimness of the short hallway.

"Come on, Rizdal," he chuckled. "We're goin' out the back way."

The sheriff walked through. With Culver's gun barrel jabbed into his back, he moved to the rear door, which was ajar.

"Keep goin' right outside, sheriff!" growled the outlaw.

Once outside, Rizdal noticed Culver pick up a bag nearby. From it came a sharp buzzing sound, and it suddenly struck Rizdal that Culver had a rattlesnake in that bag. He remembered then of stories he had heard of how Culver got the name of Snake. He would loose a rattlesnake on his victims. They would die a horrible death, but no evidence could point at the outlaw. Yet once or twice his victims had lived long enough to tell that it had been Culver who had released the snake on them.

Now the outlaw said: "All right, Rizdal, straight ahead to that barn ahead of you!"

Reptile

Powers

The sheriff was prodded toward the short barn where was kept his and Shorty's horses. They got inside, and again that ominous buzzing came to the condemned sheriff's ears. The two horses snorted with fright. A candle sputtered its yellow, wavering light over the surroundings.

"I said I'd get you, Rizdal," snarled Culver now. "You see this bag I'm openin'? Well, there's a good-sized rattler inside of it. Shootin' you, or knifin' you, won't make you suffer enough. A rattler's poison will prolong your life a little before you die. Don't think you can get away, Rizdal, 'cause I'll be standin' right outside listenin' to your yells and groans, and there'll be a gun in my paw."

Rizdal said nothing to the outlaw. He knew that talking would do no good. So now he watched as Culver finally opened the mouth of the flour sack and then hurried out, closing the barn door quickly after him.

The sack quivered. Then from the opening Charley saw the flat head and glittering eyes of the rattler. Its writhing body came gliding out of the sack. The head lifted and swayed from one side to the other. Finally it stopped, as it caught sight of the man. Again came that ominous rattle that portended death.

IT was a trying moment for Rizdal, as he watched and saw the snake glide toward him. A few feet away it stopped, coiled. And then, with blinding speed, it struck. Rizdal, perspiration gleaming on his face, leaped aside, and saw that the rattler had missed. With blinding speed it coiled again, its flat head and glittering eyes raised. But now Charley had gone to the other end of the room. The snake uncoiled and with a deathly swiftness came at him again. And the sheriff knew that he might not escape those fangs the second time.

Then, with a chill that shook him, he saw a second reptile move out from the shadows against the wall to his right. Another snake. In the candlelight it seemed like a black, shiny thick bull-whip that had suddenly become alive. The rattler stopped its progress toward the sheriff, turned at this new menace. Then, like a striking cat's paw, it started to slide away from the other snake.

The second snake started in pursuit. And the rattler, as if knowing it could never escape, turned suddenly, coiled and struck. The black head swayed aside and the rattler missed. Then Charley saw the newcomer turn into a streak of flashing speed as its fangs sank in behind the rattler's head, its coils whipping around and around the mottled body. Struggle as it might, the rattler could not break those coils.

And then Charley Rizdal heard the voice of his deputy speaking softly from outside.

"Hey, Charley, listen to me. This is Shorty. I was comin' back to the office to talk to you an' I saw the whole thing. I can see you now from a crack in the board here. I got an idea, Charley. Do what I tell you an' it'll work out. Start screechin' an' yellin', an' then give a couple groans. Keep it up for about a minute or so. Then slide over to the door an' when Culver opens it, rush him. Do what I tell you, Charley."

The sheriff, his eyes still riveted on the struggling reptiles, at first thought he was hearing the deputy's voice in a dream—perhaps some trick of his brain. But as Shorty continued talking, the lawman decided to take a wild chance and do as he was told.

He proceeded to go mad, yelling and screeching, putting as much terror in his voice as possible. Twice he yelled; "Culver, help, I'm dying."

After that Rizdal uttered a couple of deep groans. Then he slid silently to the door. Snake Culver's deep laughter struck at his ears.

"Got you, did he!" chuckled the outlaw. Rizdal decided to put the fluttering candle out. He could then see better the form of Culver silhouetted against the moonlight. This he did, plunging the room in blackness. Again he uttered a groan.

"Hey, Rizdal," the outlaw called. "Can you hear me?"

The sheriff didn't answer. Slowly he saw the door start to open. The dark form of the outlaw was silhouetted on the threshold. Then Charley Rizdal, with every ounce of strength he could muster, swung his fist. That blow glanced off Culver's head and knocked him staggering to the side.

The voice of Shorty now whooped, now yelled:

"I'm takin' the polecat, Charley."

And out of the shadows came the deputy, a heavy club in one hand. It whistled through the air and cracked on Snake Culver's head. He sank to the ground.

"Good work, Shorty," grunted Rizdal. "But why didn't you use your gun on him?"

"That's it," answered the deputy. "I was comin' back to get it. I left it in the drawer of the desk. When I saw Culver here take you out the back way, I went in to get my shootin' iron, but the desk drawer was locked. So was the closet that we have the scatter-guns in."

"Well, help me get the skunk into a cell, Shorty," ordered Rizdal now.

Ten minutes later the outlaw was safely behind bars. Shorty and the sheriff, seated in the office, paid no attention to his pleadings.

"What I want to know, Shorty," the Sheriff said, "is how come this king snake didn't come after me and help that rattler put an end to me?"

"Well, you see," answered the deputy hesitatingly, "I remembered how Snake Culver always killed his men with a rattlesnake. I figured that if a king snake could some way be kept around, we might figure a way to beat Snake at his own game. Thinkin' of it, I went over to Salt Flats to a gypsy camp where they have a snake-charmer. I bought a snake and brought him back in that box you threw out into the street.

"When I saw Culver, as I was about to step into the office, take you out back, I ducked around and waited. I heard everything he said and, at the right time, I loosed the king snake outta the box after the rattler. You see, Charley, a king snake and a rattler has always been enemies, and a king snake is known to always lick a rattler. He does it by crushing a rattler to death. I'm gonna corral that king snake and take him back to the gypsy camp. He deserves to live—after savin' your life."

Sheriff Rizdal, nodding, wiped his brow with a bandanna.

"You see," finished the deputy lamely, "it was just an idea that I had."

Rizdal smiled wearily.

"Shorty," he said, "after this you can depend on it that I'm sure gonna use any ideas you got, 'cause maybe there is something to that law of averages they talk about. If one don't work, another might."

PAUL REVERE JR.



AND HIS FRIENDS BECOME INVOLVED IN THEIR MOST THRILLING ADVENTURES YET, WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH LAD, RONALD--

CAPT. ANTHONY WESTON LEAVES HIS SON, RONALD, IN PAUL REVERE, SR.'S CARE IN THE LATTER'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO ME, REVERE, THAT'S WHY I WANT TO LEAVE RONALD IN YOUR CARE, WHILE I GO TO WASHINGTON.

GLAD TO HAVE YOU, RONALD.

THANK YOU, SIR.



AT THE AIRPORT THE R.A.F. CAPTAIN-INVENTOR EXPLAINS HIS MISSION TO HIS FRIEND.

THIS TRIP WILL FURTHER CEMENT THE BOND BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA. YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO POOL ALL THE MILITARY SECRETS WE'VE PERFECTED. YOU IN THE LABORATORY, AND WE, UNDER THE BLITZ!



THE CAPTAIN DEPARTS --

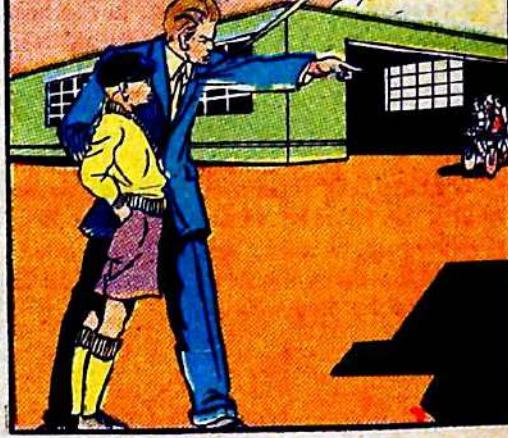
GOODBY, PATER! GOOD LUCK!

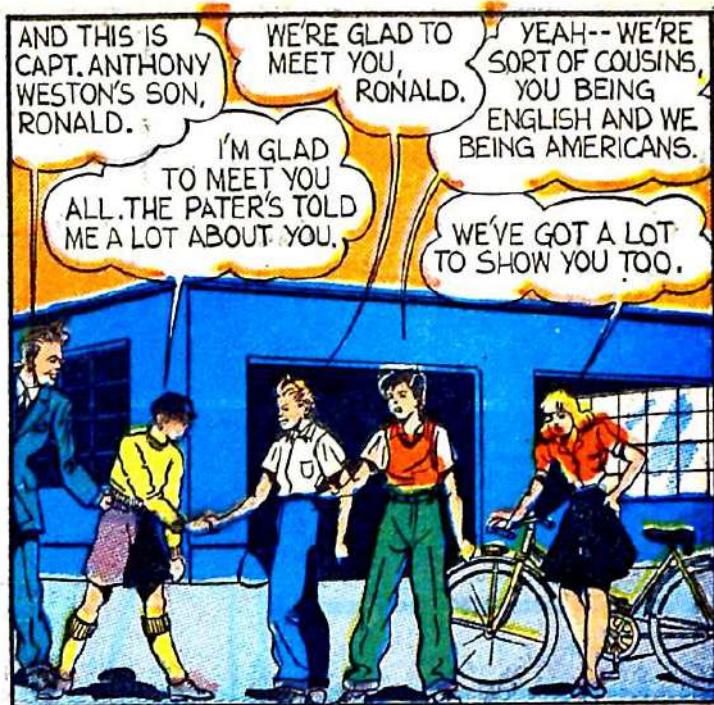
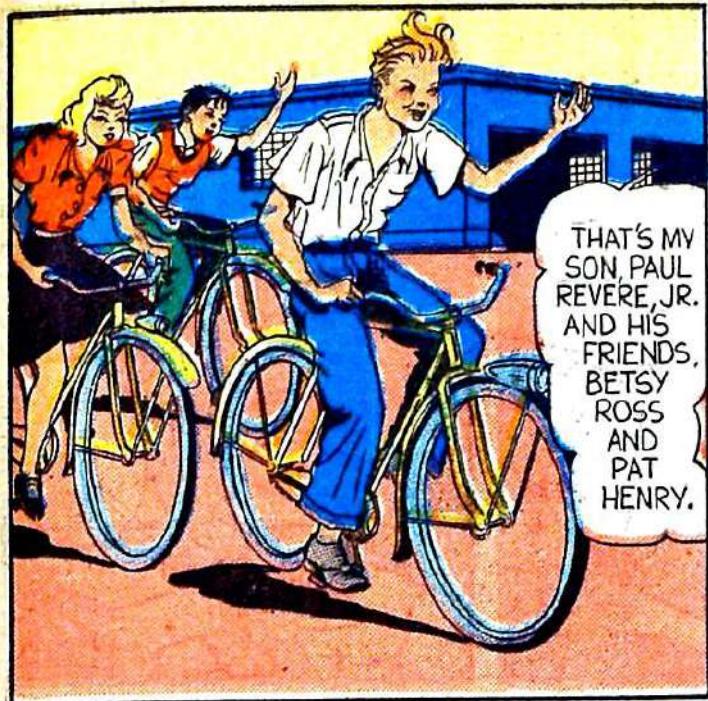
AND NOW, RONALD, I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY SON PAUL REVERE, JR. AND HIS FRIENDS.



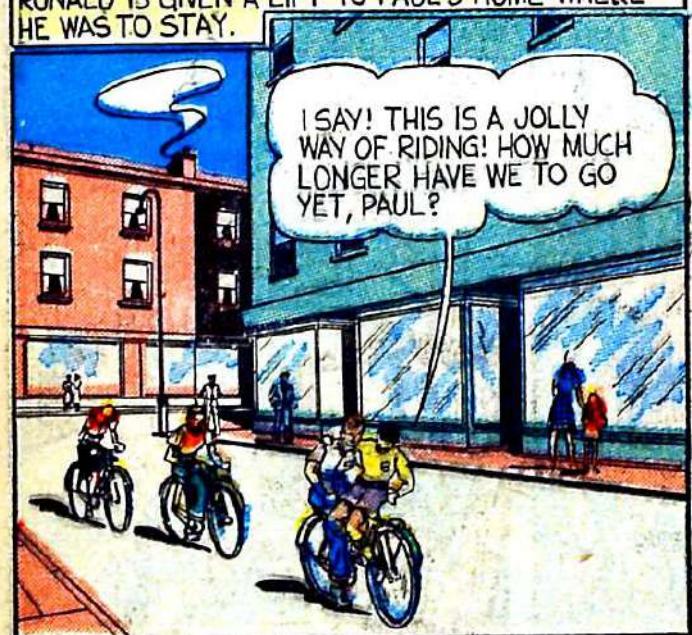
WHY THERE THEY COME NOW! I TOLD THEM I'D MEET THEM HOME, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY DIDN'T WANT TO PUT OFF MEETING YOU.

THEY LOOK VERY JOLLY, SIR. WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES?

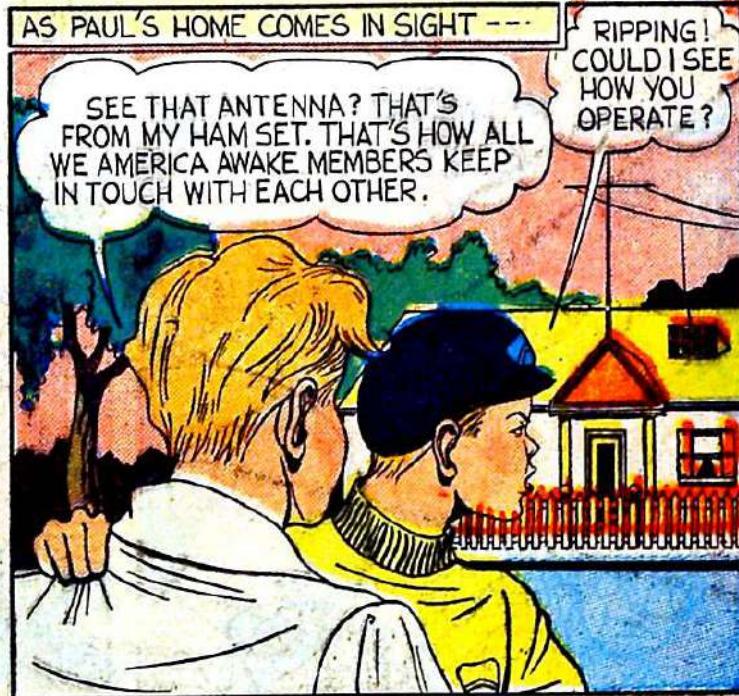




AFTER REVERE, SR. HAD TO LEAVE FOR HIS OFFICE, RONALD IS GIVEN A LIFT TO PAUL'S HOME WHERE HE WAS TO STAY.



AS PAUL'S HOME COMES IN SIGHT ---



IN PAUL'S ATTIC.

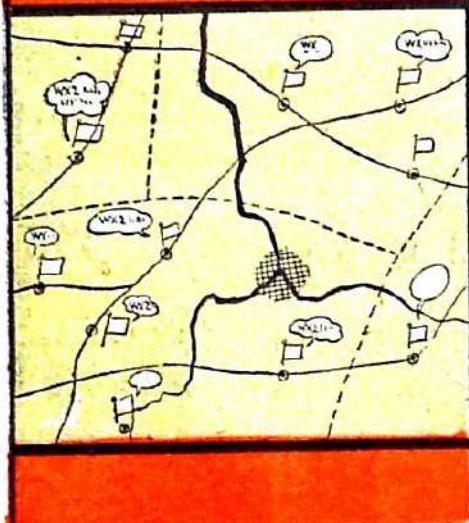
WHY HAVE YOU GOT ALL THOSE LITTLE FLAGS STUCK THERE IN THAT MAP?

EACH OF THOSE FLAGS REPRESENTS AN A.A. MEMBER AND HIS HAM SET. WE COVER A LOT OF TERRITORY. WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU.

PAUL CONTACTS THE A.A. MEMBERS ON HIS HAM SET.



ONE BY ONE THE A.A. MEMBERS
SIGNIFY THEIR CALL LETTERS
INDICATING THAT THEY ARE LISTEN-
ING.



PAUL GIVES THE HAM SET OVER
TO RONALD.

YOU'RE
ALL SET, AND PREPARED
TO SEND, RONALD, THE AIR
WAYS ARE
YOURS.

WELL,
THIS
IS
SOMETHING!



HELLO, AMERICAN BOYS AND
GIRLS. AS LONG AS WE OVER
THERE, KNOW YOU'RE BEHIND US
IN SPIRIT, IT'S EASIER FOR US TO
CARRY ON. WELL, CHEERIO!



BUT THE A.A. MEMBERS DON'T LET RONALD OFF
THE AIR UNTIL HE ANSWERS A LOT OF QUEST-
IONS THEY FIRE AT HIM ABOUT THE WAR AND
THE R.A.F...



AND NOW WE'RE REALLY
BEGINNING TO -- AS YOU AMERICANS
SAY DISH IT OUT TO THE NAZIS,
UNTIL THEY YELL, HOW DO
YOU SAY IT --
UNCLE!



WHILE PAT SIGNS OFF --

A.A.H.Q.
SIGNING OFF!
A.A. H.Q.
SIGNING
OFF!

YOU HAVE A
RIPPING GOOD CLUB, PAUL!
WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D
LIKE TO START AN ENGLISH
UNIT WHEN I GET BACK
TO LONDON?

GLAD TO
HAVE YOU,
RONALD
MAYBE WE
COULD TALK
TRANS-ATLANTIC!



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY CITY, TURBITZ, NAZI SABOTEUR, READS --

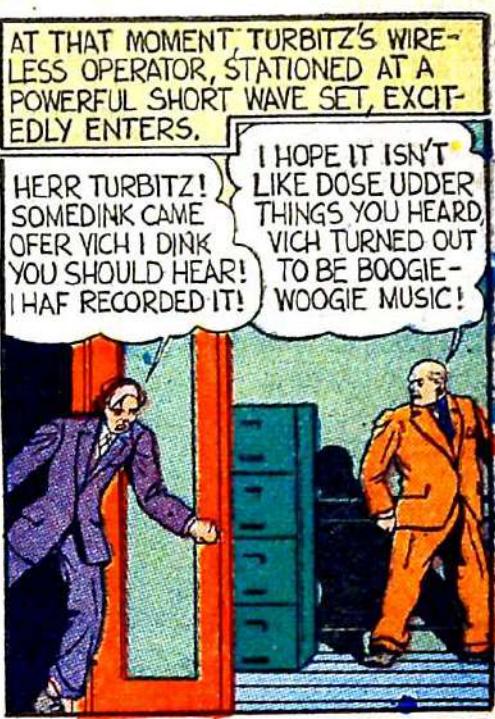
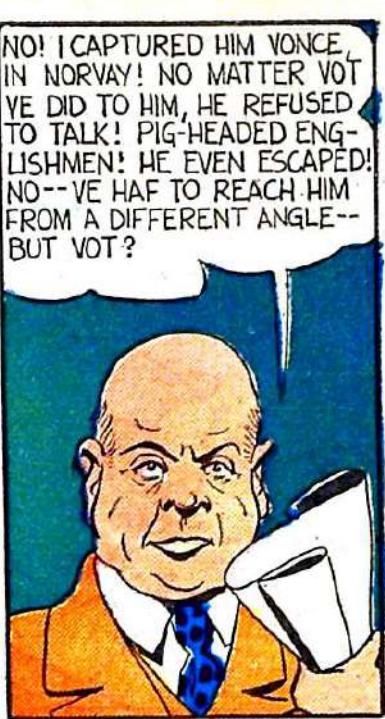
ACH! JUST THINK! VEN CAPT. ANTHONY WESTON RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON, HE VILL HAF NOT ONLY ENGLAND'S MILITARY SECRETS, BUT AMERICA'S AS VELL!

LET'S KIDNAP HIM! VE COULD TORTURE DER SECRETS OUT OF HIM.

NO! I CAPTURED HIM VONCE IN NORVAY! NO MATTER VOT VE DID TO HIM, HE REFUSED TO TALK! PIG-HEADED ENGLISHMEN! HE EVEN ESCAPED! NO--VE HAF TO REACH HIM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE--BUT VOT?

AT THAT MOMENT, TURBITZ'S WIRELESS OPERATOR, STATIONED AT A POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET, EXCIT-EDLY ENTERS.

I HOPE IT ISN'T LIKE DOSE UDDER THINGS YOU HEARD, VICH TURNED OUT TO BE BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC!



THE OPERATOR STARTS TO PLAY BACK THE RECORD OF WHAT THE POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET HAD PICKED UP.



AS THE RECORD IS PLAYED, TURBITZ HEARS --



AFTER THE RECORD PLAYS TO ITS END --

ARE YOU PLEASED, HERR TURBITZ?

PLEAS'D? DOT'S THE ANGLE VE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! LET'S SEE HOW STUBBORN CAPT. WESTON VILL BE MIT HIS MILITARY SECRETS VEN HE LEARNS DOT HIS SON IS IN OUR POWER!



TURBITZ AND THREE OF HIS GANG SPEED AWAY TO KIDNAP RONALD.



MEANWHILE IN THE REVERE HOUSE, PAUL'S MOTHER PREPARES A PICNIC BASKET FOR PAUL'S FRIENDS.

I THINK YOU'LL FIND YOU COOK JUST EVERYTHING YOU LIKE MY MOTHER, MRS. REVERE, MAKES ME FEEL AS IF SHE WAS HERE, NOT IN LONDON.

WE'D BETTER HURRY. PAT AND BETSY ARE WAITING OUTSIDE.

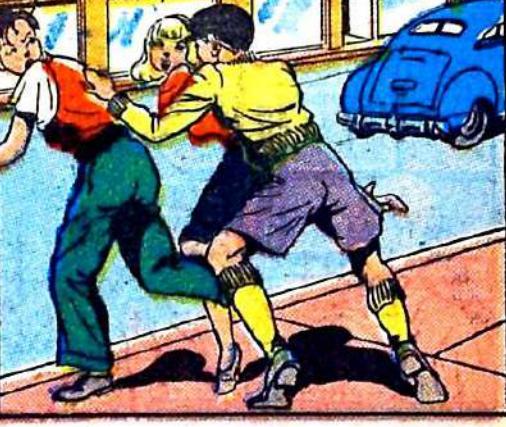


AS RONALD AND PAUL GO OUTSIDE, AN AUTO BACKFIRES.



TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER!

WHAT THE--? RONALD?



RONALD HAD MISTAKEN THE BACKFIRING FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNFIRE.

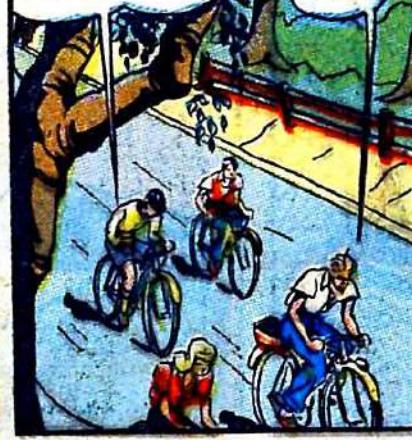
SILLY OF ME. THOUGHT THE BLITZ WAS ON AGAIN!

YOU'RE IN AMERICA NOW. BUT DON'T FORGET RONALD WAS TRYING TO SHIELD US FROM HARM.



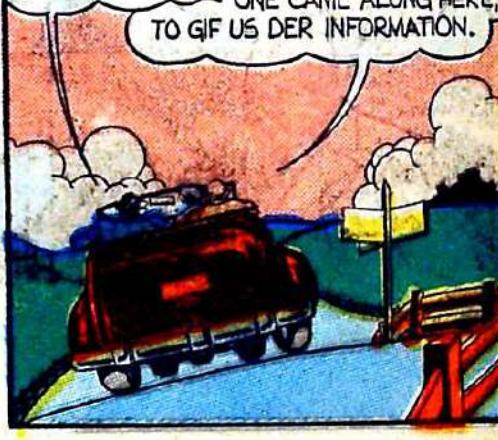
PAUL LEADS THE WAY OUTSIDE TOWN.

Y'KNOW, IN ENGLAND, WE GO ON BIKING TOURS TOO. ONLY WE HAVE TO LOOK OUT FOR FRITZ. HE'LL EVEN BOMB A KIDDY CAR.



MEANWHILE, TURBITZ AND HIS NAZI KIDNAPPERS HAVE HALTED OUTSIDE OF PAUL'S TOWN.

VE MUSTN'T AROUSE SUSPICION, ISS STAYING MIT A PAUL REVERE. YY ARE VE STOP-INK, TURBITZ?



RIDING ON THE SAME ROAD, THE FOUR BICYCLISTS COME INTO VIEW.



PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS STOP WHEN TURBITZ QUESTIONS THEM.

AND WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE THE REVERE HOUSE IS? YOU SEE I AM LOOKING FOR CAPT. WESTON'S SON THERE AND --

WHY, I'M PAUL REVERE, JR. HAVE AND THIS IS COME FROM WESTON. FATHER?

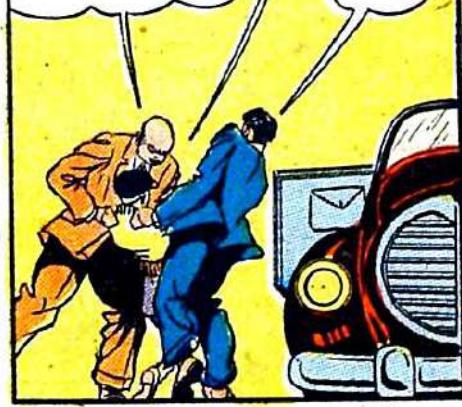
THE TWO NAZIS HASTILY TRY TO GET RONALD INTO THE CAR.

I'M SO GLAD TO HAVE FOUND YOU SO SOON! YOUR FATHER IS WAITING TO SEE YOU, BEFORE HE LEAVES ON A CONFIDENTIAL MISSION!

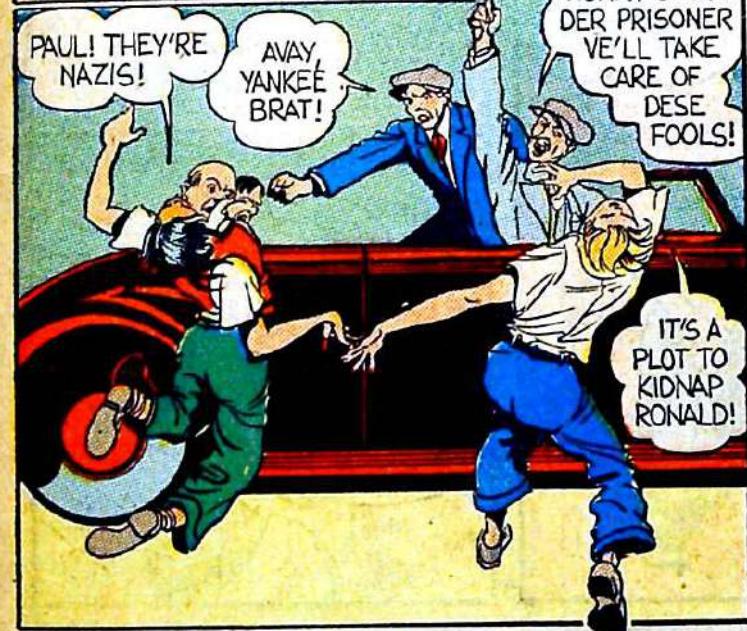
HURRY! HERR CAPTAIN IS YES, BUT-- ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU!

DUNTZ SAYING "HERR" CAPTAIN WESTON MAKES PAUL SUSPICIOUS.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING RONALD? WHY WASN'T MY FATHER INFORMED OF THIS?



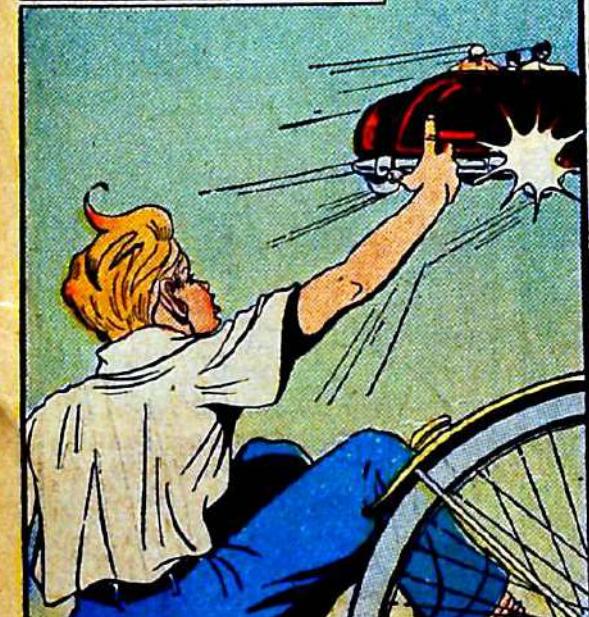
THE NAZIS IN THE FRONT SEAT GET PANICKY AND REVEAL THEIR TRUE IDENTITY.



AS PAUL IS SENT SPRAWLING, HE SNATCHES A MILK BOTTLE FROM THE PICNIC BASKET.



AS THE NAZI CAR DEPARTS PAUL HURLS THE BOTTLE AFTER IT.



RONALD FIGHTS TO SPOIL THE NAZIS' AIM AS THEY FIRE AT HIS FRIENDS.



AS THE KIDNAP CAR SPEEDS AWAY--



PAUL'S FRIENDS HELP HIM TO HIS FEET.

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO STOP THAT CAR BY THROWING A BOTTLE AT IT.



AS THEY SHOVE THE GLASS OFF THE ROAD, PAUL SUDDENLY EXCLAIMS:



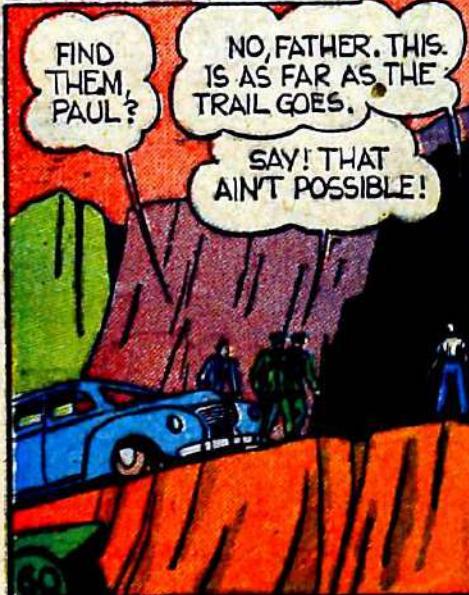
WHEN THE BOTTLE BROKE AGAINST THE TIRE, IT TORE A 'V' SHAPED SLASH IN IT! NOW, I'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL WHILE YOU TWO HURRY BACK AND TELL MY FATHER WHAT HAPPENED!



WHILE PAT AND BETSY HURRY BACK TO TOWN, PAUL FOLLOWS THE CLEARLY MARKED TRAIL.



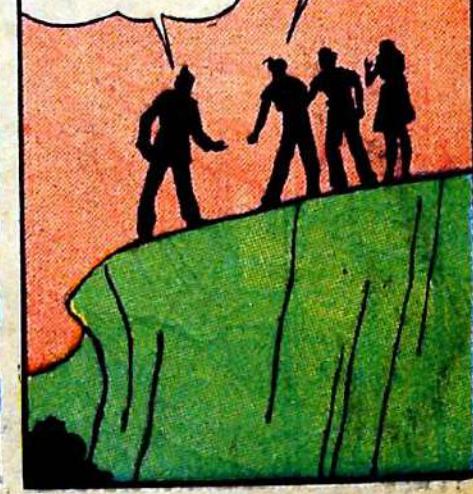
WHEN PAUL'S FATHER AND POLICEMEN ARRIVE THEY FIND HIM ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF --



THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THEY WERE LEAVING A TRAIL BEHIND THEM, DAD, AND TRICKED US BY MAKING BELIEVE IT WENT OFF INTO THIN AIR.

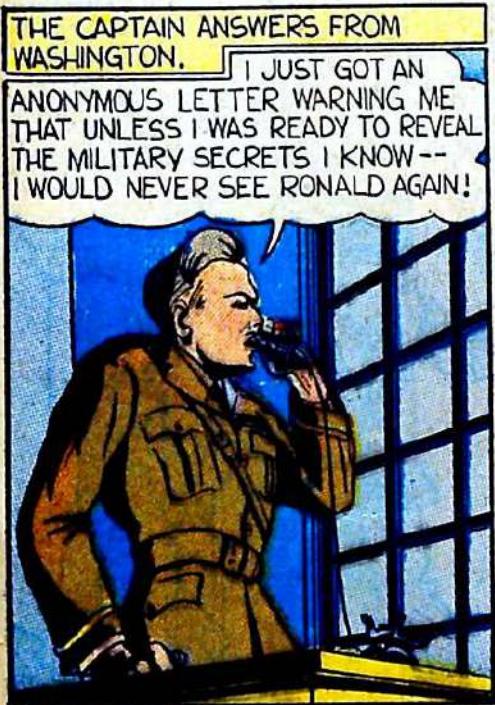


WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT CAR, WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT! WE'LL ORGANIZE SEARCHING PARTIES IMMEDIATELY AND COMB THE ENTIRE AREA.





AS THE A.A.'S BEGIN THEIR VIGIL AT THE HAM SETS, THE PHONE RINGS IN PAUL'S HOUSE.



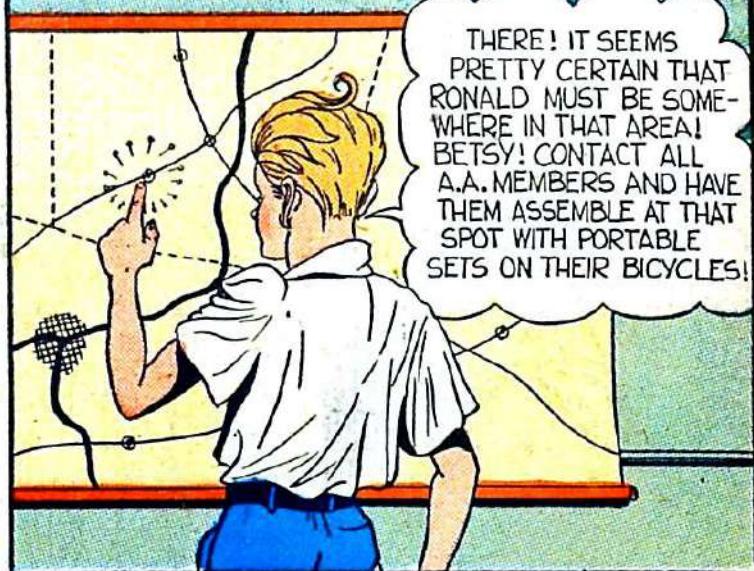
BETSY RELAYS THE MESSAGE COMING IN FROM AN A.A. MEMBER IN A NEARBY TOWN.

AS MORE AND MORE A.A.'S REPORT HEARING RONALD'S VOICE, PAUL SPOTS THE PLACE WHERE THEY THOUGHT THE SIGNAL CAME FROM ON A MAP UNTIL ---

RONALD HEARD FOR JUST A SECOND -- SOUNDED AS IF HE WERE COMING OVER ON POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET --

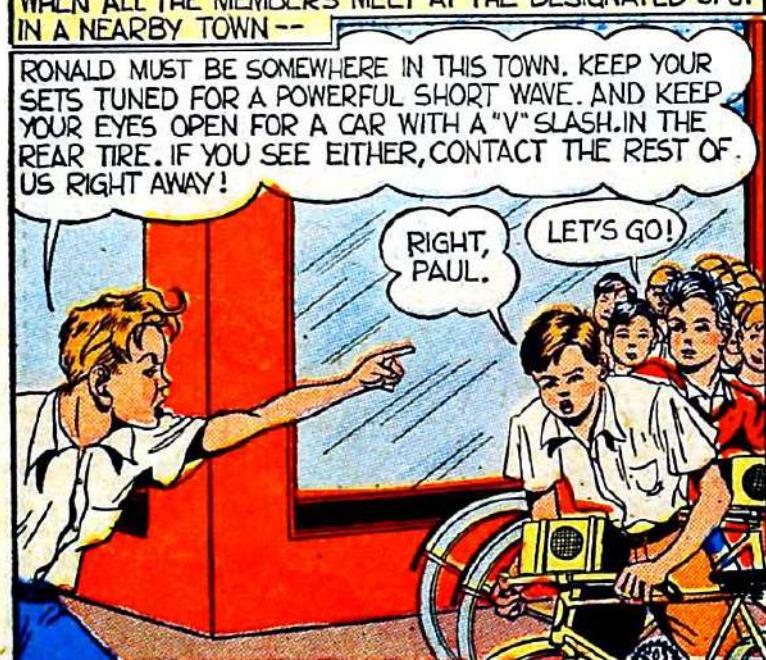


THERE! IT SEEMS PRETTY CERTAIN THAT RONALD MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THAT AREA! BETSY! CONTACT ALL A.A. MEMBERS AND HAVE THEM ASSEMBLE AT THAT SPOT WITH PORTABLE SETS ON THEIR BICYCLES!



WHEN ALL THE MEMBERS MEET AT THE DESIGNATED SPOT IN A NEARBY TOWN --

RONALD MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS TOWN. KEEP YOUR SETS TUNED FOR A POWERFUL SHORT WAVE. AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A CAR WITH A "V" SLASH IN THE REAR TIRE. IF YOU SEE EITHER, CONTACT THE REST OF US RIGHT AWAY!



AFTER HOURS OF CYCLING AROUND AND AROUND WITH NO SUCCESS --

OH BOY! THIS IS THE KIDNAP CAR! I'VE GOT TO CONTACT PAUL AND THE OTHERS RIGHT AWAY!



AFTER PAUL IS CONTACTED --

THAT'S THE KIDNAP CAR! I'M GETTING ALL RIGHT! LISTEN! WE'RE GETTING SHORT WAVE INTERFERENCE!

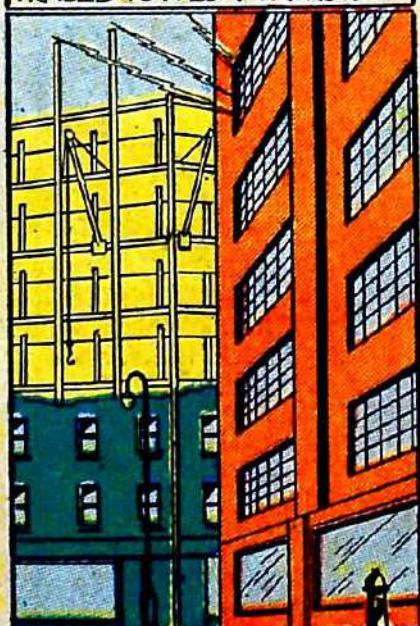
IT TOO ON MY SET!

ME TOO!

RONALD MUST BE RIGHT BEHIND US SOMEWHERE!



THE STATIC INTERFERENCE IS TRACED TO A LOFT NEARBY.



THREE NAZI GUARDS AT THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE SPRING INTO ACTION WHEN THEY SPOT PAUL AND THE A.A.'S.

DOT'S THE BRAT THAT SAW US QUICK! KIDNAP DER ENGLISH BOY! VE'LL SILENCE DER WHOLE BUNCH OF DEM!



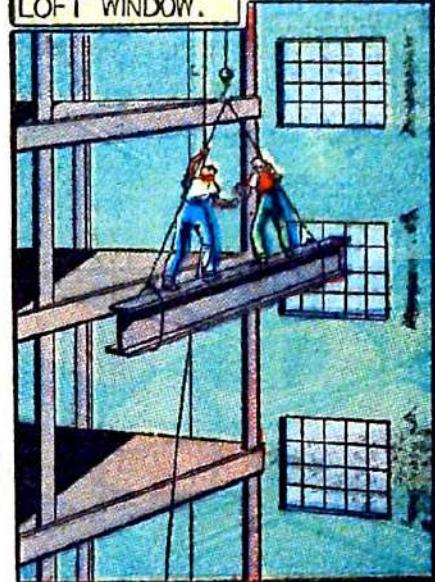
BUT THE NAZI GUARDS ARE OVERPOWERED BY THE A.A.'S TEAM-WORK:



AFTER THE GUARDS HAD BEEN BOUND, PAUL EXPLAINS HIS IDEA TO RESCUE RONALD.

WE CAN'T GO UP TO THAT LOFT BY THE STAIRS, THEY'LL PROBABLY SEE US COMING, AND HARM RONALD! JIMMY, YOUR FATHER WORKS IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM. HE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO OPERATE THIS GIRDER LIFTER! YOU'RE GOING TO LIFT PAT AND ME NEXT TO THE LOFT WINDOW. THE REST OF YOU WAIT FOR A SIGNAL TO BREAK IN THROUGH THE DOOR.

WHILE THE A.A.'S WAIT TENSELY BELOW -- PAUL AND PAT RIDE THE STEEL GIRDER TOWARD THE LOFT WINDOW.



AS THE GIRDER STOPS ALONG SIDE THE LOFT WINDOW, THE BOYS SEE --

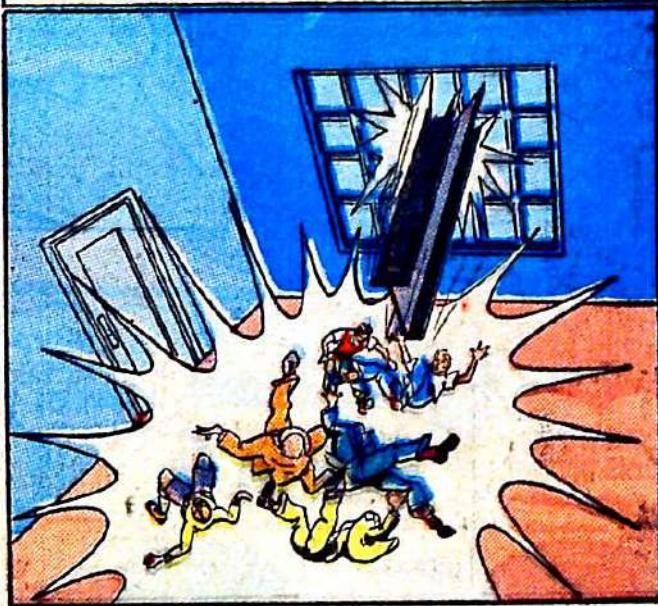
HE TRIED TO SEND A MESSAGE OFER DER SHORT WAVE SET VEN I VASN'T LOOKINK!

EVIDENTLY NOBODY HEARD! YOU FELLOWS BUT JUST TO SHOW YOU VE MEAN BUSINESS ENGLISH BRAT. MUCH BRAINS, I'M GOINK TO SHOOT YOU IN DER SHOULDER FOR A LESSON. DOT'S DER CHERMAN WAY.

HAVEN'T HAVE YOU? YOU'RE ALWAYS USING GUNS --



AT PAUL'S FRANTIC SIGNAL, JIMMY DOWNSTAIRS GETS EXCITED AND SENDS THE GIRDER HURTLING INTO THE LOFT WINDOW KNOCKING EVERYONE DOWN.



DOWNSTAIRS THE A.A.'S GRASP WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

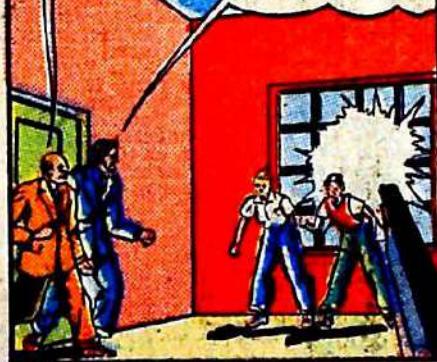
THERE'S NO CHANCE OF SURPRISING THEM NOW! WE MUST HURRY UP AND HELP PAUL AND PAT!



BUT IN THE LOFT, TURBITZ QUICKLY RECOVERED HIMSELF AND --

VELL! YOU WISH TO PLAY DOT YOU ARE MEN FIGHTING AGAINST AGENTS OF DER REICH GOVERNMENT, EH? DEN BE PREPARED TO TAKE DER CONSEQUENCES VEN YOU LOSE!

LET'S NOT VASTE ANY TIME! WE MAY BE DISCOVERED DEAD BOYS CAN'T TELL VOT HAPPENED TO DEM!



JUST AS THE NAZI AGENTS SHOOT-- THE A.A.'S BURST THROUGH.

PAUL! GET RONALD OUT! WE'LL HOLD THE FORT!



PAUL AND RONALD ESCAPE TO THE ROOF, WITH NAZI GUARDS IN PURSUIT OF THEM--



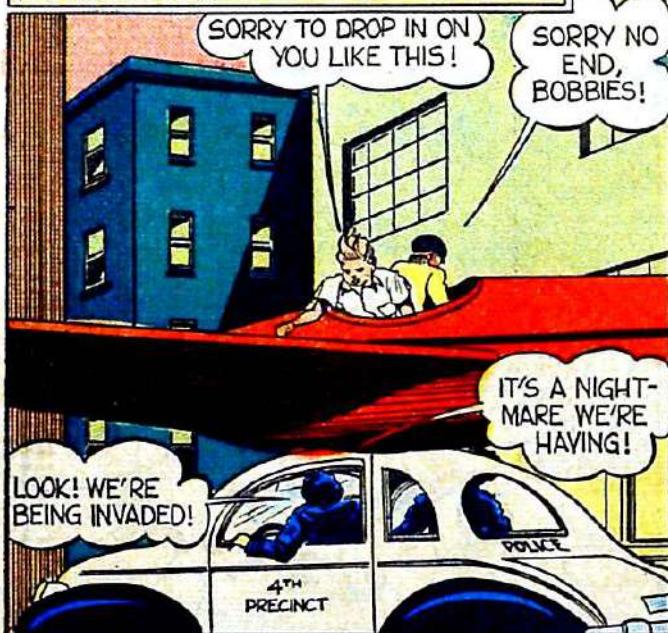
THE ADVENT OF THE GUARDS LEAVES PAUL NO TIME TO USE THE CATAPULT DEVICE.



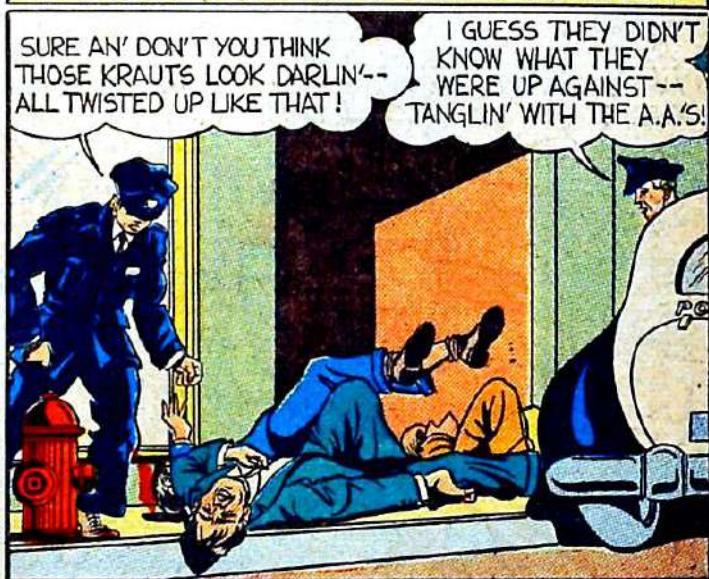
THE GLIDER IS CAUGHT IN A SLIGHT DOWNDRAFT.



THE GLIDER ALIGHTS ON TOP OF A POLICE CAR.



AFTER PAUL TELLS THE POLICEMEN ABOUT THE NAZIS, THEY RUSH TO THE LOFT BUILDING TO FIND THAT THE A.A.'S HAD ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF TURBITZ AND HIS MEN.



LATER--IN FRONT OF THE REVERE HOME.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
Of Banner Comics, published Bimonthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the banner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn, Editor, A. A. Wyn, Managing Editor, Frederick Gardener, Business Managers, A. A. Wyn. All from 87 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Periodical House, Inc., 87 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., A. A. Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Rose Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Warren A. Angel, Rockville Centre, N. Y., C. & A. Publishing Co., Mount Morris, Ill., E. Campbell, Mount Morris, Ill., E. L. Angel, Rockville Centre, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

A. A. Wyn, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1941.

SHIRLEY L. BERICK, Notary Public, Bronx County Clerk No. 220

Certificate Filed in N. Y. County, No. 1085 Commission Expires March 30, 1943.



WELL, YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANY UNTIL YOU'VE
READ "4 FAVORITES" AND "OUR FLAG" COMICS!

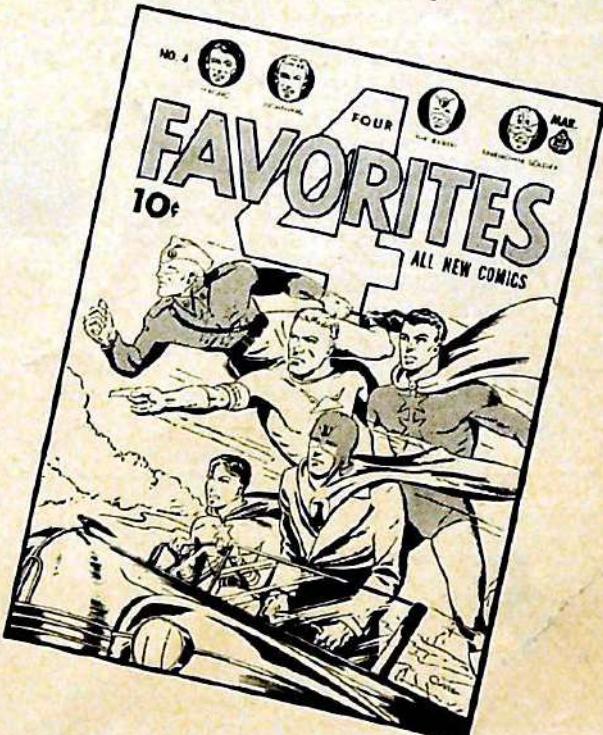
OUR FLAG COMICS

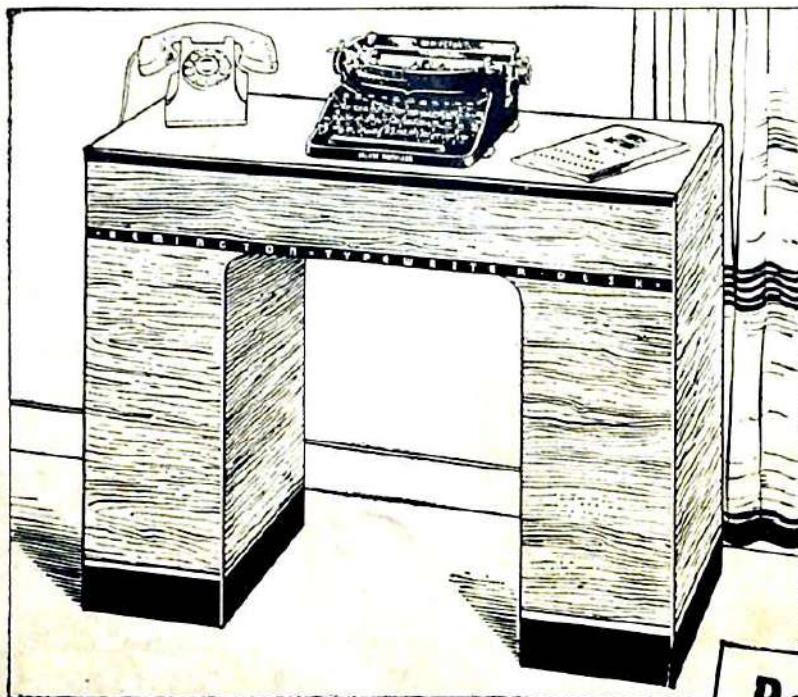
Watch for the April issue! You'll meet MR. RISK, the man who broadcasts: "Is your life in danger? Then, let me take your place!" Tigers slink away from him, thieves want no part of him, and as for murderers—well! He's NEW; he's DIFFERENT, he's REAL! And, of course there're also the old stand-bys, THE FLAG, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, and THE THREE CHEERS. They're *always* swell!



4 FAVORITES

If you enjoy THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER in "Our Flag"; if MAGNO and DAVEY thrill you in "Super-Mystery"; if "Lightning Comics" astounds you with "LASH" LIGHTNING and THE RAVEN, can you imagine how much fun and enjoyment you'll get from "Four Favorites"? For in this comic book you'll find long, action-packed stories of *all* four of these favorites! Get your copy NOW!





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